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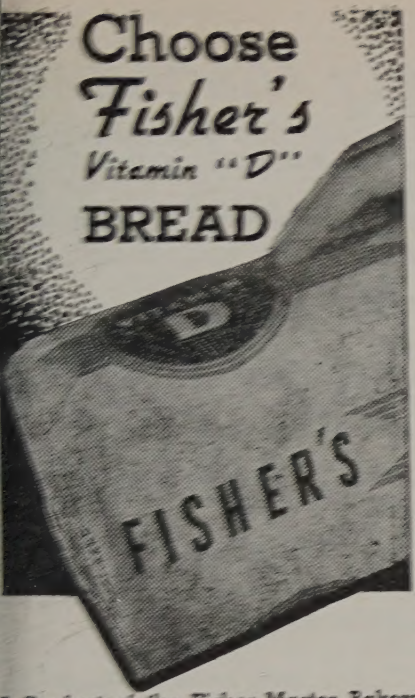

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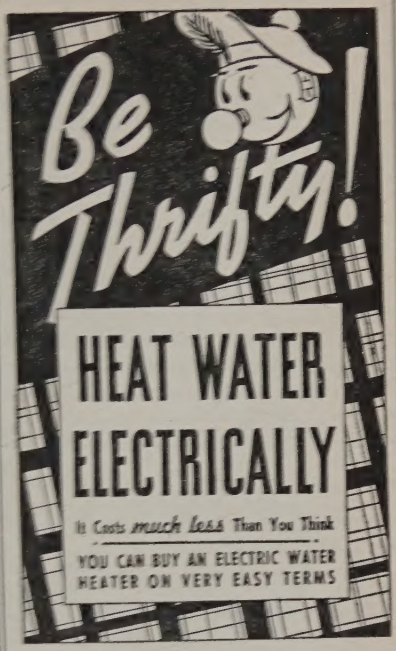
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The Relief Society Magazine

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Our Cover

THE BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT was unveiled July 20, 1897, as a part of the Jubilee Festivities commemorating the semi-centennial celebration of the entrance of the Pioneers into the valley of Salt Lake.

Elder James H. Moyle, in behalf of the Brigham Young Memorial Association, presented the monument to the public, and President Wilford Woodruff proclaimed, "In the name of God I now unveil this monument," and the stars and stripes fell away from the heroic figure of Brigham Young. Governor Heber M. Wells then said:

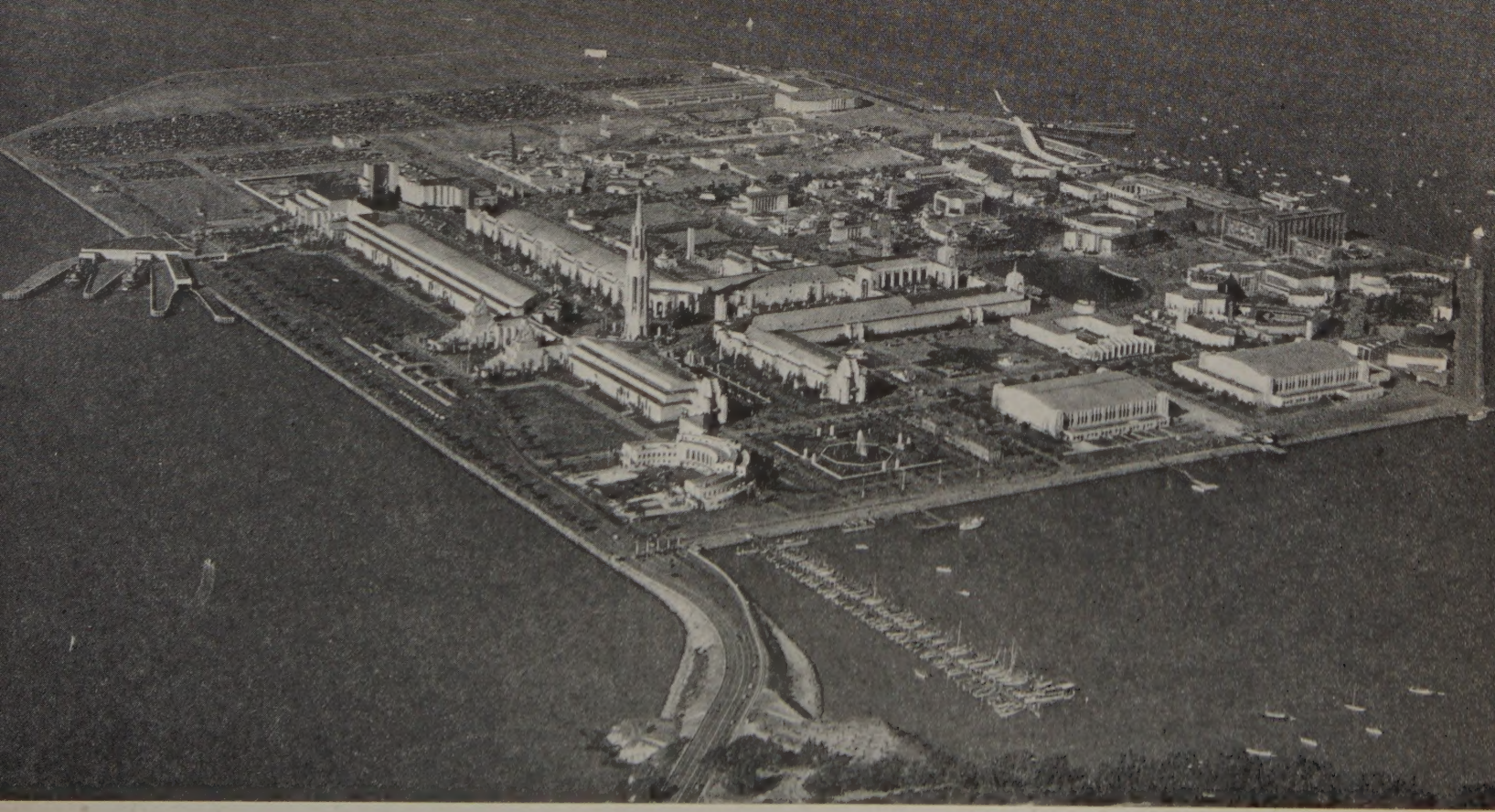
". . . I now accept this monument in honor of Brigham Young and the Pioneers.

"Let us, my fellow citizens, here and now, in the presence of these surviving pioneers, whose forms are bent with toil, whose heads are whitened by the frosts of time and whose hearts are throbbing with gratitude to God that they have lived to see this day—and in the presence of all this honorable attendance let us resolve to guard well this monument, to shield it from the vandal and the marauder, to keep it as a solemn trust, to treasure it as a sacred heritage.

"As we look upon its sculptural beauty, let the granite of its base, hewn from our own mountain fastnesses, denote the hardy heroism of the men and women who founded and reared this splendid commonwealth; and let the bronze statue, carved by our native sculptor (Cyrus E. Dallin), symbolize the civilization and culture to which our people have attained. . . .

"And now let me indulge the hope that this monument may stand on this historic spot as stands these rugged hills—'rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun'; that it may endure as they endure down through the ages and be remembered ever as a tribute of respect paid by a grateful people to their pioneers, as an emblem of half a century of wisdom, progress and as an offering of peace and good will to the blended brotherhood of Utah."

Elder B. H. Roberts in the Tabernacle that afternoon in addressing the pioneers said, " . . . I congratulate you that the monument which you have erected speaks only of that which is good. It will not speak of man's victory over his fellows, it will not commemorate scenes of carnage and desolation, the groans of the dying and the shouts of the victors. It speaks of the triumphs of peace, of the victory of mind over matter, of fertility over sterility; such is the story it will tell to future generations. . . . . "



GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ON TREASURE ISLAND, IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY, AS VIEWED FROM THE AIR

(See article on Church Participation in this Fair on page 366.)

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXVI JUNE, 1939 No. 6

Brigham Young Looks Out of the Documents

By John Henry Evans

ONE of the perpetually exciting things (to me) is to watch a man or a woman rise gradually out of an old diary, an old journal, or an old letter, yellowed with age and deeply creased, to re-enact his or her part on an imaginary stage—always heroically, of course, for everyone is a star performer in his own eyes. And the merest bit of faded paper will bring back to life one of the dear departed.

Not long ago, up in Idaho, a woman showed me lovingly an old notebook that had belonged to her grandmother. The grandmother had lived in Huntsville, Utah, and this was her tithing record, neatly penciled and okeyed on each page by Bishop McKay, father of our President McKay. We were standing in line, waiting for our turn to pick up the various items that go into a between-meetings luncheon, and so I had little time to examine the pages of that precious document. But as I thumbed it, there arose before me a picture of its original owner.

A smallish woman, this grandmother of my imagination, not so very old then. She had on a gray woolen skirt, one of those many-folded affairs, with a capacious pocket hidden away from view. It was from this pocket that she drew the notebook on this occasion. Over her shoulders, slightly bent, was a plaid shawl, on her head a calico sunbonnet stiffened with ribs, and on her arm rested the handle of a wicker basket, in which were some eggs, fresh-laid, and butter, hand-molded and all the water squeezed out. The ultimate destination of these articles was the village store, where she hoped to exchange them for sugar and spices—all but the Lord's tenth, which she delivered to the Bishop as His representative. And when the Bishop wrote the amount and added his signature, how her face lighted up, as one who had never let the Deity down!

IN the case of Brigham Young the picture is more difficult to produce, because the parts of it have to be gathered with infinite pains and pieced together, much as the children put together the parts of a puzzle map. For there are literally hundreds of journals, diaries, letters, statements, what not, by men and women who knew him more or less intimately.

Only a few months ago, for in-

stance, President Grant told us a new story about Brigham Young, in which he himself figured.

President Grant was a boy then. That would be when he was perhaps eight or ten and President Young about sixty-four, bearded and gray. With other boys of his own age, Heber Grant used to jump on the back of a sleigh as it sped past his home on Main Street, ride a block or two, then catch a ride back on another sleigh. And once Brigham Young came along, and Heber leaped on the runner at the rear. But when he thought to drop off, the sleigh was going so fast that he feared lest he light on his head instead of his feet. As they approached a stream coming out of the canyon, with slush in it, the President spied the boy.

"Stop, Brother Isaac!"

Heber, looking a bit scared, was taken into the sleigh, wrapped in a laprobe, and placed by the side of the great man.

Then he was plied with questions. What was his name? Where did he live? "I knew your father and loved him very much." Was the boy warm and comfortable? And would he come and see me often in the Lion House, which was only a little way off?

"Often," says President Grant, "when the bell at the Lion House rang for prayers at night, I used to go over and kneel down with the family in the front room, and upon more than one occasion, while he prayed, I caught myself looking up to see if the Lord was not actually standing there!"

THAT gives us one peep at the great pioneer's character. George D. Pyper gives another, in which is revealed the alertness and presence of mind of the President.

George was about ten years old. "The President had purchased a band of small Mexican mules to be used on the street cars. These were first driven into the corral at the rear of the barn, to be lassoed, then manger-broken.

"I opened the door leading from the barn to the corral and stood there watching Charles Crabtree in his effort to catch the mules. Finally he was successful in lassoing one at the far end of the corral. At the same moment the animal caught sight of the open door at which I was standing, and with an awful snort, came toward me like a Bengal tiger.

"I must surely have been killed or at least seriously injured had not a friendly hand grasped me and pulled me out of the doorway, closed the door, and shot the bolt. It was none too soon, for the mule came against the barrier like a catapult. As doors were doors in those days, the brute was stopped.

"I was awfully scared, but wholly reassured when I looked up into the kindly blue eyes of Brigham Young."

THE late Zina Y. Card, daughter of Brigham Young, told me a story that reveals the powerful sympathies of this interesting man.

It was in 1856. The last of the handcart companies was dragging its tired way into the Salt Lake valley from the eastern ridge. The company had been trapped in a late November snow and blizzard back there in the mountains. Many of them had died of starvation and the cold. Rescue parties had been sent from

the City, with blankets and food, in wagons that were to bring the fagged and famished survivors to safety and warmth. And now, haggard and beaten in spirit, they were entering the town amidst as much to-do as the circumstances warranted.

On the sidelines was the President. Zina, who was ten, stood by his side, terribly serious, her hand in his. His face was grim and solemn, even before the appearance of the company. Perhaps he was thinking, not of those whose physical vitality had triumphed over hunger and the weather, but rather of those whose bodies had given out under extreme suffering and defeat and were now lying back there under the snow in shallow graves — if the wolves had not dug them up.

Zina felt the big hand clutch and tremble and jerk alternately. Something was the matter. She looked up into her father's face. He was crying! Great tears chased one another over his cheeks and fell into the gray beard.

THEN there is that story of the hard biscuits on the Plains, while the Pioneer Company rested at Garden Grove, on the way between Nauvoo and the Missouri River in Iowa.

Garden Grove was the first stopping place out from the town now being abandoned. Since spring was approaching and the companies would need a fresh supply of foodstuffs, it was decided to make use of the land here. The place was fenced therefore, plowed, seeded to wheat and potatoes, and a large number of cabins erected—all by a community of labor. The houses were to be occupied and the harvest reaped by later comers, after the first company had gone on.

Nelson Whipple, with a companion, was chopping down trees to be used in the cabins. Suddenly, dropping his ax, he sat on a log, completely exhausted. In answer to a question by his friend, he answered, "I've had nothing to eat for two days." Nelson Whipple was one of those whose food supply for the journey had become exhausted through giving away more than he should have done to those who were worse off than himself, and he was too proud to ask help of others who might have more. His companion advised him to go to President Young, but this counsel he put off with, "Brother Brigham has more than he can attend to already." However, on being pressed and seeing no other way out, he went to his leader.

"You should have come to me sooner," the President chided mildly. "I haven't very much myself, only hard biscuits, but you're welcome to what I have."

Thereupon he went to his wagon, took out a small bag of these biscuits, put half of them into another bag, and gave it to the young man, with—"When this is gone, and if you don't get any more by then, come back to me. Only, don't go hungry again, mind!"

BRIGHAM YOUNG had great insight into character. With many different kinds of jobs to do in the new commonwealth, he sought out men to whom he could trust these tasks. When the first missionaries left the Valley to go to Europe, he adjured them to keep a lookout for skilled workers wherever they went.

The result was that there came to Utah such an accumulation of skill as no similar community ever had seen.

Once the President was attending a meeting in Lehi, to the south of Salt Lake City. From the stand, before the services began, he inspected the congregation with those keen blue eyes of his.

Then to the Bishop: "Who is that young man sitting by the window, at the rear left?"

The Bishop cast his eyes in the direction indicated. "Oh, that is Abram Hatch."

"Have him call at the stand when the meeting's over. I want to see him."

And then, after the lapse of a minute or two: "Who is that young fellow on the seventh row from the back, sitting next to Brother So-and-So?"

"That's John R. Murdock."

"Well, ask him to come up, too."

Both of these young men (they were in their thirties at the time) were sent to open new communities —Murdock to what is now Beaver and Hatch to the Wasatch valley. That Brigham Young's judgment was good is evidenced by the success which these men met with in their pioneering leadership in the two places.

TO conceive large projects and at the same time to attend to small, often petty, details—this is an extremely rare quality in men, even in great leaders. Yet Brigham Young had this quality in a very high degree.

That trek to the West must have been more of a heart-breaking affair than we are apt to imagine. In the first companies there were between twenty-five and thirty thousand men, women, and children. Most of these had insufficient equipment, clothing, provisions, and what not to make a journey of that length. For they had been ejected from their homes, their property taken or disposed of at the most ridiculous prices, and that expulsion had taken place before a decent preparation could be made. Besides, there were fifteen hundred miles between their lost homes and the new home in the mountains — miles that included prairie and hills and sandy desert. While the objective and the general route thither had been chosen by Joseph Smith, yet the responsibility of the trek, the execution of the plan, was left to his successor, and it is responsibility, decision-making, details, that tear at the nerves and break down the strongest men.

On the Plains food had to be grown, Indians conciliated, a battalion of soldiers raised, a pioneer company selected, and a thousand particulars arranged. Besides, on account of the call for soldier-volunteers, the Mormons were on the Plains longer than they had expected. Furthermore, the plan for the trek had been materially altered by that call for five hundred able-bodied men, and their families would have to be taken care of in their absence.

Later, when the stream of immigrants began to pour into the Salt Lake basin, new settlements had to be made, with good leaders, in other valleys—all according to a given plan. For Brigham Young, apparently had decided to create an Inland Empire under the flag of the United States. It was to cover what is now Utah, Nevada, and California. Lat

ter-day Saints in Canada and this country were to arrive by way of the overland trail; those in European countries, by way of the seas to Panama, across the isthmus, landing at San Diego, thence to be spread out over the Far West. It was a gigantic scheme, the like of which we find in no other Western pioneer.

To judge the size of a mind, we look into it. When we apply this test to Brigham Young, we cannot but feel that it was of noble texture and dimensional, particularly when to this we add his large executive powers.

With this vast scheme in his mind, however, Brigham Young had yet the ability to look after details and to adjust them. Did a man seek employment? He went to the President, who, instead of giving him the charity that breaks down self-respect and brings on perpetual pauperism, found work for him to do. Did a woman have trouble with her husband? She sought out the President, and laid before him her grievance, and the President invited the fractious spouse to the office, to read him a lesson on domestic fair-dealing. Did Brigham Young, on his yearly trips to Southern Utah, sleep in a bed with bugs in it, he said to the housewife the next morning, "Sister, whitewash will rid you of those pests!" He observed whether fences were down, the lack of shade trees or fruit trees, or insufficient care for wife or children, and always told how to remedy these. There was more than a religious purpose in the "all-seeing eye" over the lintel of the first Co-op in Salt Lake City. It typified also the acute vision of its founder.

If ever a man and a job were suited to each other, it was Brigham Young and the task of conducting the Western Trek and establishing a commonwealth under adverse conditions.

SUNSET OVER THE TEMPLE

By Christie Lund Coles

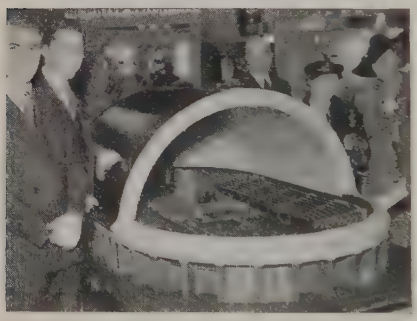
Gold banners trail the far, infinite blue
Of the evening heaven; a roseate cloud
Is inter-mingled with the orchid hue
Of dusk and coming night that soon will shroud
This lovely, valley world where I behold
Before me now the splendor of these spires,
This high arch-angel, fearless as of old,
Etched on the sky by faith's undaunted fires.

How still and lifted is my heart, how clean
Of worldliness, when standing humbly here
I view this Temple and this twilight scene,
Draw close to faiths I cherish and hold dear,
Proud of each lofty tower and granite steeple—
Symbols of the courage of my people.

Church Participation at the Golden Gate International Exposition

By Gladys R. Winter

LONG ago, through the efforts of the Pioneers, the Salt Lake valley was made an oasis in the desert. The Church exhibit and program at the Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco has been credited with following this tradition. Set in the middle of a huge building and surrounded by



A SMALL SECTIONAL DISPLAY OF THE MORMON TABERNACLE IN USE AT THE CHURCH EXHIBIT.

material display and commercialism is the Little Tabernacle, a replica of the great Tabernacle on Temple Square. There it stands, set in trees, with an amazingly realistic lawn and smooth paths. There is the familiar dome, and the many doors open to let us hear organ music and see a softly lighted interior. Usually the forty-eight seats are soon filled, and the organist plays *As The Dews From Heav'n Distilling*, which is a signal for attendants to close the doors, so the pictures may be shown and the story given. "Your building is an oasis in the desert—a haven of rest" has been repeated by people many times.

Just in front of the Tabernacle can be viewed through a door of the Homes and Gardens Building a sight that seems almost an inspired setting for the exhibit—the ethereal beauty of the Court of the Moon, which has a soothing, uplifting effect. As with all the courts, this has a definite color scheme, which seems especially appointed for the Relief Society, for its colors are blue and gold. On one side of the path just now is a solid bed of deep blue pansies, on the other side an almost endless carpet of blue hyacinths. Such beauty truly feeds the soul. Just past the hyacinths is a long, rectangular pool the tiling of which is blue, so the water matches the sky. At frequent intervals down its length are sprays of water that rise in pairs from opposite sides of the pool to form two arcs as they fall back into the middle. It is always lovely in the Court of the Moon—and peaceful.

THE lighting effects of Treasure Island, as the Fair site is called, are breath-taking. During her recent visit to the Fair Mrs. Roosevelt said, "Go from court to court, get all the reflections in the water, and all the different colors in the fountains."

From all over the world people who have achieved success in every field are coming to Treasure Island for enjoyment and education. Many

hear the program in the Little Tabernacle, and their interest is delightful and gratifying. A few organ selections are rendered, then a series of colored pictures are shown, while a narrator tells the story concerning them. Usually one of the Elders sings one verse of *Come, Come, Ye Saints*. Once when it was being sung, some of the audience joined with the singer; two or three times they have applauded; and ever so many times they have come out wiping their eyes. Many express appreciation for the opportunity of hearing our message, and invariably they remark about the courage and fortitude of our early Pioneers and the fine heritage we possess.

One man whose home is in Nauvoo said, "Of course, those outrages happened before I was born, but my grandfather was one of the mob. I have heard him tell of it, and my family burn with shame because he had a part in such an affair." Another gentleman from a small town near the Hill Cumorah said, "There is something different about the place you call the Sacred Grove. I know many Mormons in that vicinity, and we are proud to have them for neighbors."

There are many expressions of respect and esteem for the Church and its people. The Church Welfare Program is commented on favorably.

ALMOST every state in the Union is represented in the register, as well as Alaska, Scotland, England, Australia, Hawaii, Mexico and Argentina. One can't help but thrill at the thought that a favorable account of the exhibit will be carried to homes in so many countries. The number of people visiting the exhibit is much larger than was ever expected, and they are fine, intelligent people. The first six weeks 28,000 people listened to the programs. For about two weeks of that time it was quite cold, so there were comparatively few people on the grounds; and of course this was before the tourist season opened. During the ten months the Fair will run it is expected the story will be given to immense numbers.

INTERIOR OF LITTLE TABERNACLE WHERE MISSIONARIES ENTERTAIN WITH AID OF ORGAN AND PICTURES.

Of special interest to the people of the Church is the Temple of Religion and Tower of Peace. This building was constructed by the combined efforts and donations of most of the recognized churches. Our Church made a substantial contribution. President Stephen H. Winter of the San Francisco Stake was chosen as one of the Board of Directors. A Salt Lake architect helped plan and design the building. Although no doctrine may be disseminated, opportunity is given for each church to have one or two objects on display which deal with its history or something specific con-

cerning its religion. The Latter-day Saint display is the large plaque "The Glory of God is Intelligence," used at the San Diego Exposition. There is also a copy of the first edition of *The Book of Mormon*, published in 1830. At the end of the Hall of Exhibits is Friendship Walk and beside it is the chapel which seats about 250 persons. The various churches alternate in furnishing speakers and music for services. Two

A VIEW OF FAIR VISITORS LEAVING THE LITTLE TABERNACLE AFTER BEING ENTERTAINED BY THE MISSIONARIES.

days have been assigned to the Latter-day Saints so far, May 7 and June 25, for what is called Vesper Services.

AS we leave the Temple of Religion, we skirt the edge of the Lake of Nations to reach the Utah exhibit.

The display from the state of Utah is on the east side of the island, located in the center of the block, U-shaped building that is called the Hall of Western States. Here each of the western states and British Columbia have a separate room.

In the room where Utah is represented, our attention is caught by a perfect miniature of Temple Square. It is beautifully done and entirely to scale, and gives a splendid impression of the famous landmark.

Altogether, Utah is well represented at this great Fair, but I think its best representation is the staff of young missionaries who give the programs in the Little Tabernacle. At present there are six full-time missionaries from the California Mission; six stake missionaries, three each from the San Francisco and Oakland Stakes, help in the evenings and on busy days. Those who are under the Mission jurisdiction stay from one to two months, then are replaced by others. Each is so fine in his particular way that the feeling of loss is keen when he is transferred. The visitors who come to see the exhibit cannot help but be impressed with these clean, intelligent, fine young men and cannot help but realize the value of the church which they represent. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"Every individual ought to resolve and strive and determine to do more and be more than he is. You owe it to the world to give not simply the best of which you are capable but the best to which you can possibly aspire."

—*George H. Knox*

Did Nauvoo Have A Spirit?

By Vida Fox Clawson

"The exiled Saints came flocking into Nauvoo in the summer of 1839."

A LITTLE over a hundred years ago the Saints were indeed in a sorry plight. For months their enemies had persecuted them almost beyond endurance. Many had been beaten, aye even murdered, and by ruffians, too, and driven from their homes en masse, while their Prophet-Leader was imprisoned.

But what should happen to them no one seemed to know. However, the Prophet's words from Liberty Prison indicated that, while no place had presented itself, still he was undaunted in his determination to keep the Saints together.

At the time of the flight from Missouri the good people of Quincy, Illinois, opened their arms, and many of the Saints were being sheltered temporarily of course, for no good member of the Church would ever think of becoming a perpetual leaner. Within the breast of every true one of them burned a desire to once more gather together and build anew! One wonders that with all their heart-breaking experiences this desire was still alive, but it must have been, for when Dr. Isaac Galland, in a spirit of charity, proffered his lands in Commerce at a reasonable rate and long credit, his offer was, after due consideration by the people in conference, and by the Prophet after his release from prison, accepted. The Prophet later said: "Commerce was unhealthy, very few could live there; but believing that it might become a healthy place by the blessing of heaven to the Saints, and no more eligible place presenting itself, I considered it wisdom to make an attempt to build up a city."

It was May 10, 1839, that he moved his family to this "wilderness," and during the balance of the summer the Saints continued to gather at Commerce and to settle on lands that had been purchased by the Church Authorities.

Undoubtedly, there were weak ones who wearied of the troubles that followed the Saints and decided life would be easier apart from God's chosen ones, and there were a few dissenters who could see worldly possibilities elsewhere; but the main body of the Church carried with it into the new "home" a spirit of absolute faith in its leader and the message he proclaimed.

Presumably, when the Prophet announced to the people that he had changed the name of "Commerce" to "Nauvoo" and that the Hebrew word meant "beautiful location" and carried with it "the idea of rest," that announcement meant encouragement to these weary and exhausted refugees.

When the purchase of Commerce was consummated, according to Joseph there was one stone house, three frame houses, and two block houses—that was all. One can easily imagine then, the endless hours necessarily spent in providing even temporary shelter for the Saints who were rapidly pouring into the little settlement! But how happy they were to have a place that would be their own—and how hopeful!

But alas! Nauvoo was wet; it was difficult for a person to walk through the swamps and impossible for a team to get through them; most likely the place was infested with mosquitoes. Due to their late exposures and drivings, the people were in an extremely run-down condition, and many fell sick with the deadly malaria.

And then what? Did their faith in their Prophet-Leader persist? Undoubtedly there were complainers; perhaps there were some who hurriedly moved their families back to Quincy or elsewhere as soon as the "sickness" set in; but for the most part, in spite of this new calamity, they had the spirit of absolute faith in their leader and in the message he proclaimed. How pleased our Heavenly Father must have been with this spirit, and in His great compassion He justified their faith. From Wilford Woodruff's Journal we read the following:

"In consequence of the persecution of the Saints in Missouri and the exposures to which they were subjected, many of them were taken sick soon after their arrival at Commerce, afterwards called Nauvoo; Joseph had filled his house and tent with them, and while meditating upon the situation he had a great desire to attend to the duties of his office. On the morning of the 22nd of July, 1839, he arose from his bed and commenced to administer to the sick in his own house and dooryard, and he commanded them in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to arise and be made whole; and the sick were healed upon every side of him.

"Many lay sick along the bank of the river; Joseph walked along up to the lower stone house, occupied by Sidney Rigdon, and he healed all the sick that lay in his path. Among the number was Henry G. Sherwood, who was nigh unto death; Joseph stood in the door of his tent and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to arise and come out of his tent, and he obeyed him and was healed. Brother Benjamin Brown and his family also lay sick, the former appearing to be in a dying condition. Joseph healed them in the name of the Lord. After healing all that lay sick upon the bank of the river as far as the stone house, he called upon Elder Kimball and some others to accompany him across the river to visit the sick in Montrose. Among the number were several of the Twelve. On his arrival, the first house he visited was that occupied by Elder Brigham Young, the president of the Quorum of the Twelve, who lay sick. Joseph healed him, then he arose and accompanied the Prophet on his visit to others who were in the same condition. * * * There were many sick whom Joseph could not visit, so he counseled the Twelve to go and visit and heal them, and many were healed under their hands."

AFTER the miracle, a renewal of faith swept over the people. No doubt they marveled one with another, and a great desire to proclaim to the world the restoration of the Gospel with all its promises came over them; and by the end of that summer the Twelve were sent without purse or scrip to preach the Gospel to the people of Great Britain.

To so small a community it must have been a great loss to have so many important figures leave at once; not only a loss, but the families of these men were left to be taken care of. All were poor in worldly goods, but not poor in spirit. They cared for one another, they worked together, they prayed together, and confidently they looked to their Prophet for guidance. Through this spirit of cooperation which was among them, Nauvoo literally rose from the swamps! It is interesting to note the words of Heber C. Kimball upon his return from his mission in July, 1841: "You know," he writes, "there were not more than thirty buildings in the city when we left about two years ago, but at this time there are 1,200 and hundreds of others in progress which will soon be finished. * * * You will recollect when we built our houses in the woods there was not a house within a mile of us. Now the place, wild as it was at that time, is converted into a thickly populated village."

By 1843 the population of Nauvoo was computed at about 15,000. It was at that time the most thriving, prosperous town in the State of Illinois—and it continued to grow!

But the Mormons were once again becoming too prosperous and powerful, and once more the old hatred became evident. Like a rising tide it increased until 1844 when the Saints were once more living in fear, and the awful Martyrdom occurred!

Deep sorrow came over the people. A new appreciation of Joseph came to them; they reviewed in their minds the deep concern he had exhibited for them, and the sacrifices he had made so uncomplainingly in their behalf. They had lost their friend! They thought of their own conversions to the message he had taught them; how often he had inspired them to follow him. They had lost their leader! How alone they felt! His greatness became evident to them, and they wondered if there would be another that could take his place.

Sidney Rigdon came back from Pittsburgh and announced himself as their "guardian". Uncertainty reigned; some there were who followed him, and some there were who followed others, but for the most part the main body of the Church received the "witness" when Brigham Young stood before them and the "mantle of Joseph" fell upon him. The Twelve Apostles were sustained as Presidents of the Church.

The leaders and the people united to carry out the plans of their martyred prophet concerning Nauvoo. Work on the Nauvoo House was hastened, and they likewise worked vigorously on the Temple. The Spirit of Cooperation manifested by the Saints alarmed their old enemies. Persecutions increased, and on the 21st of January, 1845, the Nauvoo Charter was repealed by the State Legislature. Supposedly disruption would take place, but instead there was more unity. It is interesting to read a paragraph from the *Nauvoo Neighbor* after the April Conference of 1845: "One thing further: having no charter with municipal authority to protect the rights of an innocent people, a city

(*Continued on page 430*)

White House Conference On Children In A Democracy

By President Louise Y. Robison

A FEELING of security for the future of the nation is enhanced when the Presidents of the United States consider the welfare of the prospective citizens—the children.

Under the inspiration of President Theodore Roosevelt, the first national conference to consider the needs of children was called in 1909. Possibly because this conference was held in the White House it was known as the White House Conference. During President Herbert Hoover's administration a similar, although a larger conference, was held.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt has called two such conferences; the first, as the two preceding, was called the White House Conference, while the gathering held on April 26, 1939 was designated White House Conference on Children in a Democracy.

The membership of the conference totaled 585 including representatives of every state in the Union, Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the District of Columbia.

The city of Washington was never more beautiful than on the morning of April 26. The famous cherry blossoms were abloom in all their loveliness. The magnolia and other flowering trees and shrubs were doing their utmost to gladden the hearts of delegates, to make them feel that this world is a wonderful place in which to live. If only people would give their best to establish peace and beauty as does nature!

One's first visit to the White House is a thrilling experience. Every detail of the conference was so well planned; there was not the least delay nor confusion.

After presenting tickets of admission at the east entrance, we were ushered into a broad corridor, where hang the portraits of the wives of the Presidents, then on up the stairs to the historical ballroom. Here the walls were lined with huge baskets of flowers and with beautiful mirrors reaching nearly to the ceiling.

Attendants, dressed in smart uniforms with much gold braid, directed the seating in so orderly a manner that in only a moment the delegates were seated and Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, was extending a most gracious welcome.

The address by the President of the United States was broadcast. I hope you all heard President Roosevelt, as every citizen should know of his concern for all children. From his address we quote:

"It is still our task to bring to bear upon the major problems of child life all the wisdom and understanding that can be distilled from compilations of facts, from the intuitions of common sense, and from professional skill . . .

"We make the assumption that a happy child should live in a home where he will find warmth and food and affection; that his parents will take care of him should he fall ill; that at school he will find the teachers and tools needed for an educa-

tion; that when he grows up there will be a job for him and that he will some day establish his own home.

"As we consider these essentials of a happy childhood our hearts are heavy with the knowledge that there are many children who cannot make these assumptions.

"We are concerned about the children of the unemployed.

"We are concerned about other children who are without adequate shelter or food or clothing because of the poverty of their parents.

"We are concerned about the children of migratory families who have no settled place of abode or normal community relationships.

"We are concerned about the children of minority groups in our population, who, confronted with discrimination and prejudice, must find it difficult to believe in the just ordering of life or the ability of the adults in their world to deal with life's problems.

"We are concerned about the children living beyond the reach of medical service or lacking medical service because their parents cannot pay for it.

"We are concerned about the children who are not in school or who attend schools poorly equipped to meet their needs.

"We are concerned about the children who are outside the reach of religious influences, and are denied help in attaining faith in an ordered universe and in the fatherhood of God.

"We are concerned about the future of our democracy when children cannot make the assumptions that mean security and happiness."

THE Right Reverend Monsignor Robert F. Keegan made a strong plea for character development which, he felt, would never be accomplished without a return to religion. Education in schools and colleges has not developed high standards nor moral stamina. Father Keegan deplored the fact that indecent literature is destroying every fine thought and action of American youth. He compared obscene literature to termites in the destruction of character.

Mr. Homer Folks made a clear statement of the serious responsibility the nation owes the children of a democracy. He urged that we look to 1980. Probably last year or this year or ten years ago a baby was born who will be elected to make his home in the White House. How carefully we would prepare that child for this task of immeasurable importance if we but knew his name or address. As far as possible these same opportunities for development should be made available to all children, for among them are our future governors, legislators, mayors and citizens who, if properly prepared, will give us Democracy at its best.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt urged the group to know the needs of the country as a whole—there should be no areas neglected.

The afternoon session was held in the beautiful new Department of Labor building. After registering and receiving instructions, the conference was divided into four sections, each discussing specific topics as follows:

Section 1. Objectives of a Democratic Society in Relation to Children.

Section 2. Economic Foundations of Family Life and Child Welfare.

Section 3. The Development of Children and Youth in Present-day American Life.

Section 4. The Child and Community Services for Health, Education and Social Protection.

Informal discussion of the special needs of different localities occupied three hours' time in each of these respective groups.

At a dinner meeting the chairmen of the four sections made reports of the proceedings of the various groups, and delegates were asked to send suggestions or comments to the Planning Committee.

Specific questions were:

1. In your opinion, what are the most important subjects which should be considered by the Report Committee with a view to recommendations?
2. In what ways do you think the members of the Conference in the special field you represent could work with the Report Committee in the development of its program?

Recommendations will be brought in a final session to be held next year. It then will be for all of us to determine the extent to which they will be translated into action.

VISION

By Lael Woolsey

Oh, I have seen how peach trees
Are lovely in the spring
With palely tinted blossoms
And robins there to sing.

And in the summer sunshine
I've known their fairness, too—
Such bright leaves, green and shiny,
And ripe fruit gleaming through!

And then when comes October,
I've seen, like flaming gold,
The peach trees flaunt the autumn
And greet the coming cold.

But on a winter's morning
They stand still, row on row—
A white lace testimony
To the miracle of snow.

A Dime is a Lot of Money

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

JUDITH stood at the crossroads. Behind her lay the long, dusty road that led to home and on over the river to the distant mining towns. To the left lay the road that led to the state highway. Straight before her were two other tines of the fork; the left tine ran on into Main Street a few blocks away; the right one ran into the lower part of town, unless you did not turn with the bend and so went on down the farm lane to the lake.

But it was not the confusion of roads that had stopped Judith. These highways she knew as well as a horse knows its way home. What held her at the corner was a serious loss. She stood looking into her purse. She fingered the coins again. She hoped it was not so, but it was; there were only one dime and a nickel in that purse, and when she had left home there had been two dimes and a nickel.

She closed the purse and examined the steel clasp and its edges. That was what was wrong, she decided; dimes were so thin and her purse did not close tight. Dimes could slip out, and Judith's dime had. Well, it was gone, she thought, and something had to be done about it.

Should she go home and get another? She looked at the market basket at her feet. There was not a single drop of water left on the large rhubarb leaves that her mother had held under the artesian well-stream before she put them over the bunches of asparagus to keep them cool. The sun was hot, the dust deep, the way long; and asparagus would wilt. Besides, if she did hurry down the lane to home a mile or so behind her, her mother would be cross because she had lost the dime and because she was late, she knew. Her mother would scold too; she might do worse than that. Maybe, she reflected, her mother did not have another dime, anyway. No, going back home was not the way out, she concluded.

Should she try returning to search for it, she wondered. Who could find a dime in all that dust? It would be like looking for a drop of ink in a lake. What could she do then?

Two bunches of asparagus at ten cents a bunch was to buy four yards of calico at five cents a yard. The two dimes and the nickel were for a quarter's worth of meat for Sunday dinner. Should she get a dime's worth less meat? A dime bought a lot of boiling beef, and without it there would not be enough. Should she buy less calico? No, her mother needed four yards of calico, not two. There had to be some other way out. What was it? Then suddenly she had it. She would charge more for the asparagus.

She picked up the basket and hurried on. Judith was not one to hesitate. She did her looking back as she hastened on. She usually decided and acted quickly, then faced the results squarely and bravely if need be.

JUST over the rise which supported the railroad track lived Mrs. Anderson, her first customer. She swung up the path exhibiting no outward signs of the panic in her heart. "What if she makes a fuss?" she was thinking. "What if the plan doesn't work?" She reached the door and knocked.

Mrs. Anderson answered the door and greeted her with her usual indifference. It was not her customer's manner that bothered Judith. That was just Mrs. Anderson's way, but she was a hard trader. Almost everything hinged on how she would react. If Judith got by here she was all right, she felt sure. She tightened her courage.

"I have your asparagus," she said and lifted the rhubarb leaves to take out a bunch. Mrs. Anderson took the thick bundle to the pantry.

"How much?" she asked when she came back.

"Fifteen cents," Judith answered quickly. She had to speak quickly to get it out at all.

"Are you sure your mother said fifteen cents, Judith? I know I have had as much for a dime."

Something was growing bigger and bigger inside Judith, and her collar felt too tight. She put her hand to her throat, but her neckband felt all right to her fingers. She'd have to see it through now, she thought. She met Mrs. Anderson's eyes with a steady gaze.

"Fifteen cents," she repeated.

Mrs. Anderson looked into Judith's clear brown eyes and paid. Judith's heart would have fluttered less if she could have heard her customer's thoughts. Mrs. Anderson had no reason for doubting Judith. She was used to her. Judith's mother was deaf, and the child always did the shopping and bill-paying for the family. The townsfolk seldom thought of her youthfulness. The large record book in the wardhouse of the church had it that Judith was eleven years old. Her slender body was, but her head in spite of its wreath of yellow curls was much older than that, and the townsfolk recognized the fact.

All the tradesmen knew Judith. They had found out that she could tell at sight the difference between serge and cashmere, calico and percale, lawn and dimity. Even the butcher had to consider her judgment and step sharply.

But Judith did not know that people considered her different. If she thought about such things at all it was to conclude that other children were queer.

Just now she was stepping along briskly toward Mrs. Harwood's, the market basket swinging two pounds lighter from her crooked arm.

There was nothing about her appearance to indicate the tumult going on inside. She knew that she had acted without authority and against all she had been taught. She knew what grownups would think of that sort of conduct in a child, yet she felt that it was the only way to meet her difficulty without harm to anyone. The stores would soon be closed for the Sabbath, and the shopping must be done. If the women did not want her asparagus at Judith's price, they could refuse and she could try elsewhere. They would take it, she knew, because the butcher would charge them more

for less. She came to the Harwood's.

Mrs. Harwood answered her knock with a quick jerk at the door. She always jerked. She began to talk in a steady stream as soon as she saw who was there.

"How's your mother today, Judith? I declare, that dress is too short. What is your mother thinking of to let you go around showing your legs like that? There's a deep hem in it, too." She stooped to confirm the statement. "Tell your mother to let it down when you get home. Tell her I said so. How much is the asparagus?" Mrs. Harwood always ran her thoughts into each other that way, Judith reflected. She was so busy talking that she did not question the price of the asparagus. She just paid, and Judith slipped out of her house as easily as one of the chatterer's words from her lips.

Well, Judith mused, there was another nickel, which with Mrs. Anderson's contribution made the dime back; but there was still the shopping to do. She hurried to Main Street and the shopping.

THEN she was on her way home. A long row of poplars cast their shadows down the side of the soft roadway. Judith swung into their cool depths, grateful for the respite from the afternoon sun. The chipping sparrows fluttered and cheeped overhead. Judith longed to put down the basket and explore the trees for nests, but there was meat in the basket. A dog might come along, she worried. The climbing would have to wait until some time when the basket contained only cloth. She trudged resolutely on.

At the crossroads that marked half-way home, Judith quickened her steps. Then she broke into a run. Her big sister had often told her stories about Indians who hid in these willows that filled a corner near the ditch. They were interesting stories but dreadfully scary. The faster she ran the more real the Indians became. Then she slowed to climb the rise over the bridge of the canal. As her feet slowed her heart quieted, and she no longer felt the Indian's fingers reaching for her hair. She sauntered on after she had crossed the bridge, but she kept to the center of the road. The sides were dark with shrubs.

Soon she came to the second willows. That is what the children called that second clump. They were friendly willows, she remembered happily. No Indians hid there—only pollywogs. There was the puddle now. She could play with pollywogs in spite of the meat because she could keep the basket near her quick hands. She began to catch pollywogs.

Suddenly, she gasped! Her nimble fingers reached into the mud and pulled out a thin dime imbedded there, all covered except one tiny silver arc.

"Well, of all things!" Judith gulped. "Here's where it fell out. I stopped here on my way to town. Oh, dear! What will I do with it now?"

It did not occur to her to throw it away. A dime was a lot of money. She must keep it. She sat down on a tuft of grass to think over the new twist to her problem. She polished the dime on the grass and sat staring

at its shining roundness. A dime was a lot of money, her thoughts repeated. It would buy a yard of lawn, two yards of calico, or a pound of beef—and now she was a dime ahead.

To charge more for her mother's asparagus, she reasoned, in order to get the meat for the family's Sunday dinner was one thing, but to do it to get a dime was quite another. She would have to give the coin to her mother, she knew, and what would her mother say? That depended, Judith judged, on what she told her mother.

Then a long chain of experiences began to drag across her brain. She had often been punished for having told family matters in the homes of relatives, like the time when she had told how much her father's check had been, and Aunt Geneva had told her mother. There was the time, too, when Aunt Geneva had "pumped" her to find out what her father's letter had said about the job and about Uncle Al. Of course, Judith reflected, her mother had not known about the "pumping" and about how Aunt Geneva had stretched what Judith really had told, so she could not blame her mother for the punishment. Now Judith remembered her mother's often reiterated question, "When *will* you learn not to tell all you know?"

That was an idea, she decided. She would tell only what she was forced to tell. She would give the dime to her mother when she got home, she concluded, tell as little as she could, and then meet what came. She could not sit here any longer.

She opened her purse, wrapped the dime in her handkerchief, put it inside, and clipped the stiff catch. Then she arose and scurried to make up for lost time.

SHE had to pause on the porch to catch her breath. When she entered the house, she found her mother making cookies. Her mother went on working while Judith unwrapped the meat for her inspection.

"That's a fine boil," she said. "You strike a good bargain, Judith."

Judith beamed with pleasure; the trip to town was paid for by that praise. She presented the calico.

"Oh, how lovely!" her mother commended her again. "The tiny red vine in the pattern will work up beautifully. I couldn't have done better myself." She wiped her hands on her full apron and threw the goods over her left arm, from which it hung down and nearly swept the floor. "There's enough here for both you and Mildred. Put it in the sewing drawer." She gave the goods back to Judith.

Judith turned to obey, but halted instead. She opened her purse, unwrapped the handkerchief, and silently handed her mother the dime.

"Where did you get this?" her mother asked.

"I found it." The half-truth was out. Judith stood rigid and waited.

"Then you may have it," was all her mother said.

"But I don't want it." Judith wondered if her mother could hear her heart beat.

Her mother made a sudden turn toward the oven and sniffed. If that was really a look of inquiry Judith had seen on her face it was

quickly erased by concern for her cookies. She bent to rescue the too-brown cakes. Judith stood waiting. Her mother made no other comment.

Judith picked up a cookie and walked thoughtfully out of the kitchen. Like other children she looked for punishment for any action that deviated from the standard. After a scolding or a switching the responsibility slid to the shoulders of her parents. This way it remained with Judith.

She could not understand. She had expected to be questioned and lectured. She could not know that twice that day she had met absolute trust. That trust and her silence made a wall within which Judith wandered around and around alone.

She took the calico to the sewing drawer in her mother's bedroom. She dropped the dime into a tray on her mother's dresser. She heard it ring as it hit the bottom; she saw it lying flat in the tray; but, she discovered, it was not so easily gotten rid of. It had fastened itself more deeply into her consciousness than it had in the ooze near the puddle.

A dime is so thin; it is amazing how much one can weigh.

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

By Vesta P. Crawford

The days are winged and swift,
And the time is brief, I know,
That we may choose and plan
The path our children go.

These hours will not come again,
And this we realize,
That soon our children shall be gone
Beyond our watchful eyes.

Oh we must use these moments well—
Forget our doubts and fears,
And give the children a lamp of faith
To light them through the years.

Address

Elder Richard R. Lyman

(April Conference, 1939)

I AM wondering what I can say that will not detract from the fine program you have already had in this Conference. I have always said that in my opinion the music and the flowers are as important a part of religious worship as is the sermon, and here we have both music and flowers—perfect, it seems to me, to the very last degree.

When President Clark called last night and said that the First Presidency would like me to come and make a few remarks this afternoon, representing the First Presidency of the Church, I had a feeling a little like that of Brother Joseph Fielding Smith, when the promise had been made to the people in one of the stakes that President Smith was coming to attend their conference. President Smith was unable to go, and they sent in his place our Brother Joseph Fielding Smith, and when Brother Joseph Fielding arrived at the station the first thing the stake president did was to express his surprise and sorrow to think that President Smith was not there, and after he had expressed himself in that way several times, and they were riding along toward the conference, the President finally said, "My conscience, I cannot tell you how badly the people will feel when they know President Smith is not coming." Brother Joseph said, "Well, how do you think I feel?"

I have said repeatedly that men may fail, but women never! I was in the superintendency of the Young Men's organization for about twenty years. In that twenty years the growth of the M. I. A. was swift and effective. Some credit was due to the Young Men's Board, but I am sure it is not an exaggeration if I say that most of the credit was due to the women on the Young Women's Board. Men may fail, but women never!

When Francis M. Lyman presided over the European Mission, he used to shake hands with the elders and say, "I shake your hand, and you shake mine, and we covenant with each other that we will do our best to live in accordance with the ideals and standards of the Church." In the mission field I aimed to follow his example to a degree. I have been visiting the missions of the Church now for more than twenty years and presided over the European Mission for two years. When I have met missionaries in the field, I have asked them to give me their cards containing their names, the place where we were in the mission field together, the date and the stake from which the missionary comes. On the card I have prepared for getting this information are the words: "On my honor I will do my best."

I tell these missionaries that I will keep these cards, and when I visit a stake I will read the names of the missionaries that I have met from that stake. These names will constitute my roll of honor for that stake. I say to these missionaries, "When I read your name on my

roll of honor, the question I will ask is: Did this missionary do the most important thing that any missionary has to do in the mission field, and that is convert himself." Oftentimes they say, "He has not returned from the mission field." Then I ask, "Is his mother here?" If she is living, practically always the mother stands up in the congregation. Again I say, Men may fail, but women never!

I have just returned from the funeral of a mother who has a son in the mission field in Ireland. I could not help but think of the influence that lovely mother, active in the Church all her days, has had on her missionary boy. I could not help but think also what a tremendous influence her teachings and her example and her life are going to have upon him all his days. I was especially touched because nearly fifty years ago, while I was a student at the University of Michigan, I lost my own mother. Her teachings, her life and her example have had a greater influence upon me than all the rest of the teachers I have had combined. I say again, Men may fail, but women never!

I was in Phoenix, Arizona, a week or two ago, attending conference. One of the members of the high council had assigned to him the duty of visiting all of the families in the Third Ward of Phoenix. He made the remark that he did not know how he could find the time to go from house to house and find all those of this ward who were members of the Church but whose names were not on the records. His good wife said, "If you will furnish me a little help in the house to care for the children, I will take the automobile and undertake that task." One little woman, with one automobile, visited every house in that ward and found and put upon the Church records the names of 387 people. Men may fail, but women never!

AMONG other things, I would like to say a word about this great Church Welfare Program. I hope that all the women of the Church are supporting it, and that all the families are making their fast day and other contributions to help those who are less fortunate. We are not to be rewarded by what we possess or what we own. We are not to be judged by our clothing, but by our lives, by what is in our hearts and by what we do for others. I have told the story a good many times of the Prophet Samuel, when he was told by the Lord to go to the house of Jesse, take his horn of oil, and pour the oil upon the head of a son of Jesse and anoint him king of Israel. Samuel went to the house of Jesse and told him that one of his sons had been chosen by the Lord to be king of Israel. Jesse had his sons appear before the Prophet. When the eldest son appeared, tall, handsome and well-dressed, Samuel thought indeed this must be the one that the Lord had selected. When he picked up his horn of oil, the Lord said, "Wait, wait, Samuel, not that one, for I the Lord have rejected him." Then came the second son, another tall, handsome, well-dressed fellow. Samuel took up his horn of oil to anoint him. Again the Lord said, "No, no, not this one, Samuel, for I the Lord have rejected him." Then came the third, fourth, fifth and sixth, and

for each and every one the Lord said to Samuel, "No, Samuel, not this one, for I the Lord have rejected him."

Then said Jesse, "You are not looking for one of my sons." Samuel said to him, "Have you no other sons?" Jesse said, "Yes, one other, my little boy David; he is out here herding the sheep."

Said the Prophet, "Send for David." In came David, with his ruddy face, burned by the rays of the sun, his feet no doubt bare, head bare, hair unkempt, and dressed in his ordinary shepherd's clothing. The Lord said to the Prophet, "Take your horn of oil, Samuel, and anoint him King of Israel, for I, the Lord, have selected him." And the Lord said to the Prophet, "Remember, men look upon the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart."

And so we are not to be judged by what we wear; we are not to be judged by our outward appearance, but by what is in our hearts and by the good we have done to our fellowmen.

I WAS asked to dedicate a chapel in the European Mission soon after I went to Europe. I wrote to the mission president and said, "I would like to know if all the bills are paid. The rule of the Church is that no building shall be dedicated until it is entirely paid for, and I want to know if all the bills are paid for this church." He wrote back very promptly, "Oh, yes, Brother Lyman, all of the bills are paid; they were all paid by the Church. The Church has put up the building, furnished the building, and the Church has paid all of the bills."

"Do you mean to tell me, my brother, that the people have not contributed anything?" "That is what I mean." "What have these fine people done that you are thus depriving them of a blessing. I suggest that you find out what the people are able to give, and have them give that amount. We will delay the dedication with the hope that President Grant may visit Europe, that he will come after the people have made their contribution, and that he will dedicate the chapel."

Remember, the widow's mite brings a blessing as rich and rare as does the rich man's millions, if the sacrifice in the one case is equal to the sacrifice in the other. The Church and Kingdom of God is to be built upon the principle of sacrifice, and our reward is to be in proportion to the sacrifice we make.

I am reminded of the words of President Theodore Roosevelt, as he stood before a congress of mothers in the city of Washington and said: "Since I am speaking to a congress of mothers I shall have nothing whatever to say concerning an easy life, because no mother has an easy life. Every mother has a hard and difficult life." I say to you glorious and glorified workers of the Relief Society as did Theodore Roosevelt, "Your burdens may be heavy and your responsibilities great, but remember greatest of all is your reward." I extend my hearty congratulations to you, Sister Robison, and to all of these, your faithful associates.

It is not always the giving of food and money that counts most. As I understand it, you Relief Society

women are making a careful study of this great welfare problem, and you are aiming to give to the people the thing that they need most; and oftentimes advice, counsel and instruction mean more than food or clothing or money or shelter. The greatest blessing that you can give people is to teach them to stand upon their own feet.

A man once told me how well he had been, how fortunate that he had been employed for many years without losing a day's labor. I said to him, "My good friend and brother, in all these years how much have you saved?" "Why, not a cent." "Why not?" "Well, Brother Lyman, I never thought of it."

A young couple came into my office a day or two ago and wanted a little advice. They wanted to build a home. They had been married four years, and were paying $35 for rent, and they felt that they could add $15 to that and make it $50. I said to them, "You have been married four years, and how many months in those four years have you saved $15?" "Not one." "Why?" "We never thought of it." It is often advice, counsel, instruction that people need, and above all they should be taught to live within their income.

I perform some marriages, and I sit down and look the two young people in the face, and tell them there are a number of causes for unhappy and unsuccessful marriages, causes for divorce, and one of these causes is finances. And so I advise them to live within their income, no matter what it is, to practice economy and take a pride in what they save rather than in fine feathers. Far too many begin living on a scale that they cannot maintain!

I have said to the people everywhere, "The most important thing that young people have to do before they reach the marriageable age is to qualify themselves to make a living. Not only ought boys to be trained to make a living, but girls also. I have pointed out a good many cases in which young women have been left widows. One said, "I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your interest in me, but I am sure you will be glad to know I have a position already, and the work is much like that you are offering me, only it pays about four times as much."

I looked into the face of this young woman and marveled that she alone could get under the burden and lift it and carry it as well it seemed as she and her husband together were able to carry it before. She had been the private secretary to the attorney general of the state for seven years before she was married.

NOW the greatest ambition that can come into the heart of a woman is not to be a doctor, a president, a politician or a legislator, but the mother of a glorious man. I hope that all Latter-day Saint mothers have the ability to resist temptation. We cannot have a generation of great men, powerful men, unless and until we have first a generation of strong, powerful women. You cannot produce men with the ability to resist temptation until you have produced first mothers who have the ability to resist temptation. The mother who has not the ability to resist a cup of tea may produce a

son who will not have the ability to resist a glass of liquor.

When a little woman, a widow, sitting by her soldier son, was asked if she wanted to be served with tea or coffee, said, "I will have just a glass of water, please," the son, in the uniform of our country, said, "I'll take what mother takes."

Years rolled by, and I sat across the table from the same widow when the World War was over. I said to her, "I wonder, my sister, if your son, like some of the other boys who went to war, got the cigarette habit." She answered that he did not. I wondered if it was because he had a mother who had the ability to resist temptation and thus set him a fine example. The mother who can resist temptation will, I believe, have a better chance to produce a son who will resist temptation.

Now I must close. I have asked the women all over the Church what their favorite chapter in the Bible is. If you have not a favorite chapter, let me give you one. I give you the 25th chapter of Matthew.

"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

"And before him shall be gathered all the nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

"Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

"When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

"Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

God bless you. Remember your burdens may be heavy, your responsibilities great, but greatest of all is your reward.

The Memory of a Mother—

A man may go over all the world; he may become a pirate, if you please; he may run through every stage of belief and unbelief; he may become absolutely apostate; he may rub out his conscience; he may destroy his fineness in every respect; but there will be one picture that he cannot efface: living or dying there will rise before him, like a morning star, the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called "Mother".—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Pioneering in Welfare

By Franklin S. Harris

ONE of the fascinating by-products of an ocean voyage is contact with many personalities. The natural atmosphere of informality combined with the leisure time aboard lends opportunity to meet many kinds of people from various parts of the world in different walks of life. Therefore, when anticipating my first extensive ocean trip, which was to begin at San Francisco and eventually to continue around the world, I was naturally curious to know who might share my stateroom. When I boarded the ship and proceeded to my cabin, I found that the baggage of my companion had already arrived, and that on a number of pieces was written the name "E. J. Helms". Some of the mail there was addressed to "Dr. E. J. Helms, Boston". I saw nothing of my companion, however, until after the ship had sailed through the Golden Gate, for everyone had stood on the deck to watch the last point of land disappear. After the last outline of land faded, I retired below and found a middle-aged man of very pleasant countenance who on my entry said, "My name is Helms." Thus began our first conversation which was very interesting, as have been all of the many conversations we have had since that day more than a decade ago.

It did not take long to learn that Dr. Helms was interested in welfare work in Boston and in a number of other large cities in the United States. He was the founder and head of the Goodwill Industries located in these cities and was then on his way to the Orient to investigate the possibilities of establishing the movement in other parts of the world. We roomed together as far as Honolulu, where we spent ten days and saw each other occasionally. We journeyed on to Japan together, though not as fellow cabin passengers. I saw him in various parts of Japan, in some cities in China, and later in India. I have seen him a number of times since returning to the United States and have visited the Goodwill Industries, which his organization fosters in larger cities throughout the country.

The Goodwill Industries had their beginning many years ago in Boston. Dr. Helms had been sent there to take charge of a church located in the south end, which is the poor section of the city. In an effort to give help to unfortunate people in the neighborhood, an appeal was made for the more prosperous to bring in discarded clothing. The young pastor spread the various articles out on the church pews and invited the poor to come and take what they needed. So great was the clamor, it was decided to charge a few cents for the garments. It was readily seen that the articles would be more useful if mended and repaired. Why not give this work to those very people who needed the garments? Thus was born an idea which was to develop into a great industry which each year would salvage discarded articles worth half a million dollars in the city of Boston alone!

Dr. Helms would frequently say,

"Our organization deals in waste products, human as well as other kinds." The essence of his work was to take people who were not able to care for themselves and teach them to become self-sustaining. In the early stages this was done by having them make all sorts of waste materials into useful commodities. Special Goodwill bags were placed in the homes of Boston and vicinity into which were deposited old and worn-out articles. Soon a fleet of trucks was required to bring in the goods, and factories arose to take care of their reconstruction.

EARLY in his work Dr. Helms discovered that a few fundamental principles applied in practically all cases. Probably the first thing learned was that work is the foundation of all human reconstruction, and that if people are to rise from various degrees of misfortune they must work. Any person who came to the establishment was taken in, given a bath, a night's rest in a good clean bed, and a meal or two; but after about the first day it was necessary for the person to work for further benefits from the organization. Some who came were able to do nothing more difficult than to sort rags. Some were ingenious in a mechanical way. Some had skill in keeping accounts. Others could cook, wait on tables, sew, or mend shoes. Each was given the place in the organization to which he was best fitted and was paid on the basis of work done or material produced. From the very first day's work the rehabilitation began. As long as the individual was willing to work, Dr. Helms was willing to continue his help, but whenever a person rebelled against work, nothing could be done for him.

Various used articles are gathered by the agents of the Goodwill Industries. Casters may have been donated by one person, mirrors by others, and the frame work of a dresser by yet another. These are taken to their shops and factories, where individuals in several stages of personal reconstruction assemble the articles into something that will have value. The process serves two good purposes: It provides work for the needy and makes available a dresser to someone of very scant means at a price he can afford to pay. The variety of articles obtainable is very great, and the Goodwill Industries in a city like Los Angeles are known by the public as a source of very inexpensive merchandise.

Dr. Helms is one of those kind gentlemen whom to know is to love. He has a sense of humor and an invariable good nature, but in his presence one can never get away from the serious aspects of life and the responsibilities we all have to be our brother's keeper. His philosophy is expressed in the following quotation:

> "Work is the great tonic. The man, broken and discouraged, who is put to mending chairs, repairs his own fortunes and hopes in the process. Each article repaired is made more valuable. To the garment there is added the labor of man or woman who works on it. So with people. . . . No investment brings such returns as money paid in wages. It brightens a man up, gives him new incentive and a new outlook. Work, says the psychologist, is the greatest godsend ever given for the restoration of men."

It will be of interest to many members of the Church that Dr.

Helms frequently mentioned in our conversation that when prohibition was enacted there was a great drop in the need for rescue work. He said that no matter what others may say about the success or failure of prohibition, he had personal knowledge of the fact that the more unfortunate stratum of mankind was very much improved and its difficulties greatly decreased the day the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect.

THE work of Dr. Helms is of particular interest to Latter-day Saints because it is not unlike some of our own work. Welfare work in the Mormon Church is as old as the Church itself. Our Relief Societies and our Bishops have handled tens of thousands of cases in which people have been helped to rise from almost impossible situations. More than a century of experience has shown the soundness of Dr. Helms' observation of the necessity of work for human welfare.

Our leaders have frequently spoken about the blessing of having something to do and of being interested in one's work—of the degenerating influence of idleness. In the early days of Salt Lake City, Brigham Young set up special projects to keep the people busy. Rather than dole out open charity, he put all the able-bodied to work digging ditches, building walls and fences, and paid them for their labor. When the recent welfare activities of the Church took on new impetus, it became evident that there were many people without the necessities and conveniences of life who, though willing to work had none to perform. This led to the establishment of the Deseret Industries, which have much in common with the Goodwill Industries. To me it has become a matter of great personal satisfaction to see my own people and my good friend, Dr. Helms, both working toward the same end through much the same technique.

All who are aware of the conditions of the world know that there are people in every community who have fallen on evil days, and through sickness or other misfortunes have found themselves without means of support. Anyone with any heart at all cannot fail to wish to help such persons find means of a more comfortable living. The temptation is to follow the easy way and make direct contributions to them. But the experience of the Church, as well as many agencies such as the Goodwill Industries, has proved that this type of help often does more harm than good, and that the kindest thing we can do is to help our unfortunate brethren by finding means by which they can help themselves. We thus preserve their self-respect and at the same time increase their independence.

"BEHOLD how weak even good men are without faith! With faith, however crude or ill-informed, you may overcome the whole world; without the faith that places God consciously at your side, you have no chance."

—*A. B. Bruce.*

Church Welfare as Interpreted by The Relief Society

INFORMATION regarding the activities and accomplishments of the Relief Society General Board and the stake and ward organizations in the field of Church Welfare is needed by the Church leaders as well as by Church members generally. Therefore this new department is being included in the Magazine. It is designed to supply information, recognize outstanding achievements, bring an appreciation of what is being done, and stimulate increased activity.

One of the most important and successful activities of the General Board since the introduction of the Welfare Program by the First Presidency is the compaign to educate the women of the Church in the wise administration of the family income and the importance of careful food selection and preparation. The influence for good of this campaign has been felt throughout the Church.

One phase of this particular activity is a Bread Making Project. A survey has been made of every home in the Church. The number of women who were not making their own bread and their reasons for not doing so were determined. Then through the cooperation of county agents, the agricultural colleges and other experts the women were taught how to judge and how to make good bread, its value in the diet, and the economic factors involved. Results of this project have been gratifying. For instance, in one of the counties in Utah suffering from the depression wheat was being sold at forty-two cents per bushel; yet bread was being brought into the county in truck loads and was sold at ten cents per loaf. Many of the women of this county were encouraged by this Bread Making Project, had their wheat converted to flour and made their own bread. The economic and health benefits of this service are self-evident although hard to estimate.

While it is impossible to report on all the activities of every stake, it is important to note that some stakes have demonstrated an ability to initiate and execute welfare activities that should be an inspiration to us all.

Union Stake held a clinic last summer. The Relief Society ward presidents made an intensive search for cases of underprivileged and handicapped children, staying strictly with those where at least one parent was a member of the Church. They did not merely announce the clinic and wait for people to come—they sought them out.

A surprising number of cases needing immediate attention were discovered. The cooperation of the community's outstanding doctors, dentists and optometrists was secured and most generous prices for work arranged. The privilege of cut rates was extended to Priesthood members needing care, with the understanding that the quorum assume the expense in cases where the individual could not. Over one hundred persons benefited from this

activity and over $1,000 was paid to the doctors. The same amount of work done at regular prices would have cost $2,500 more. The Wheat Interest Fund was drawn upon heavily in meeting the expense. Where people could pay for the services themselves they did so. The money was advanced by the Relief Society in a number of instances and paid back a little at a time; for some the entire expense was assumed by the Relief Society. All cases were discussed with the bishop and his recommendation as to procedure carefully followed.

Another important welfare project is being carried forward by the Snowflake Stake. A maternity home is being provided for the help and comfort of expectant mothers. The project is not yet in a perfected state, though progress is being made. A home has been rented and furnished with four hospital beds, two day beds and a kitchenette. The state has furnished a full-time paid nurse (mainly for educational work), and the county is helping pay the rent. The ward Relief Society has furnished the bedding and linen. Local women and the stake board have equipped the kitchen. The state board of health has furnished new equipment for a delivery room. N. Y. A. is helping with the housekeeping, and the county welfare department has contributed layettes and some linen. This project bids fair to be of genuine value in the community. Enlightened women in need of such service recognize that opportunities of this kind not only assure them proper care but also safeguard their babies. An intelligent attitude toward accepting these advantages will do much to assure their continued existence, thus making it possible for many to be benefited. Acceptance of opportunity is also an expression of appreciation for the efforts of those who make the opportunity possible.

It is a wonderful thing to note that many wards have found time and willing workers enough not only to carry forward the full program outlined by the General Board and interpreted by the stake boards but also to develop specific and individual welfare activities, as for instance: One ward Relief Society gave each member ten cents with instruction to put the money to work and bring back as much as she could for the organization's budget allotment for welfare work. One woman bought eggs, set a hen and sold fryers, and at the end of the season returned $1.50. Another sister bought ten cents worth of beans and brought back $5; another tomato seeds and returned $3. When this enterprise was closed, the funds were used to purchase two barrels of flour for the stake storehouse.

The Relief Society has been identified with the welfare work of the Church for ninety-seven years. The experience of the years demonstrates that a welfare program within the Church is feasible and necessary. The various Relief Society units through such activities as these here reported are endeavoring to support the general welfare plan of the Church.

Problems Of Modern Family Life

By Caroline M. Hendricks

(Conference Address, Social Welfare Department)

IT is of great significance that such a group of active workers and leaders in this great Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should meet together for the purpose of discussing family life. The very fact that we are concentrating our attention on a study of family problems should not only prove to be inspirational to each one of us, but it should also enhance our hope, our confidence, and our faith, in a finer type of family life for the future. Undoubtedly our neglect of the study of family life in the past, and our failure to train and prepare our young people for the responsibilities of marriage and parenthood have been largely responsible for the majority of family problems today.

That we have met here by appointment to follow a definite course of discussion on family life is evidence that we are cognizant of the great importance of the institution of the family, and also that we are conscious of the fact that family life today is confronted with problems that are a challenge to family stability, problems that are so distressing that some of us are even fearful for the future of family success.

If we agree with Charles W. Eliot in his statement that "The security and the elevation of family life are the prime objectives of civilization and the ultimate ends of industry and trade," and again if we are in harmony with Thomas Jefferson who said, "The happiness of the domestic fireside is the first boon of mankind; and it is well that it is so, since it is that which is the lot of the mass of mankind," then we should be justly concerned with this primary institution of society which has always been and must continue to be the foundation stone of our civilization.

In considering a discussion of the subject, *Problems of Modern Family Life*, naturally my first thought was, which of the many problems of modern family life should I select to call to your attention. In answer to this question several other questions presented themselves, such as: Which group in our society is in a position to determine what are the problems of greatest concern; which group will suffer most in the future because of unsolved family difficulties today; which group is invited to give an expression on this subject the least frequently? The answer to these questions undeniably is: The group composed of our sons and daughters who are just approaching the age for marriage; our children who are entering that period in their lives when they will assume the responsibility of founding families of their own; they who will soon be engaged in the process of rearing our grandchildren. So with this answer in mind I decided to get the opinion of such a group and bring it to you this afternoon. Therefore I present to you as first-hand information, what our children think about their homes—the homes which we, as parents, have founded for them.

THROUGH the cooperation of several of my colleagues, I was able to contact some 450 college students. The group, I feel, represent a cross section of the young people of Utah who are attending our institutions of higher learning, inasmuch as they are members of representative families from twenty-seven of the twenty-nine counties in our state. However, in addition there may have been a sprinkling of young folk who came from communities scattered from coast to coast. The group was not selected in any way other than that these students happened to be engaged in class-room work during certain periods last Tuesday morning. The group includes college men and women from freshman to senior rank. These students were asked to list in writing, without signing their names, the three problems in their parental family which they considered to be the most distressing and difficult to handle and were causing the most trouble from a family standpoint. These problems were to be listed in order of their seriousness to family welfare.

That only 5 of these 450 college men and women responded to this request in a facetious manner, is, I think, indicative of the fact that our young people have a serious attitude toward family life. Had I the time to give you in detail and in the students' own words some of the many problems as stated by them, you would be greatly impressed and also greatly surprised to learn how keenly the younger generation analyze our efforts of leadership as parents and homemakers and how they view them. But time will permit me to give you only a crude report and analysis of my findings. I have grouped the various problems into categories, because we wish to reserve a few minutes in which to suggest at least a partial remedy for some of these most vital problems.

Approximately 67% of the group listed financial difficulties as the most serious in their family: 250 said the difficulty was a lack of sufficient money, and 42 said there was sufficient income, but trouble was caused by the manner of distribution and lack of wise expenditure of the family income.

Many expressed strong resentment against the vicious competitive factors to which we are subjecting our family life. This was indicated in such statements as the following: We cannot afford to have what our friends or our neighbors have; we cannot live up to the standard which mother and father try to maintain; we cannot associate with the people with whom we wish to associate because we cannot afford to do the things they do.

Whenever such problems exist in family life I think it indicates a lack of courage on the part of parents to face reality and to determine their own standard of living according to their own incomes and live accordingly, rather than to follow in a herd-minded fashion the standards of living that someone else has set up in their mad effort to keep up with a third family. And so, on and on it goes, the result being a vicious circle of struggle induced by our adherence to false and useless values. Also, it indicates the lack of an appreciation of some of the most valuable elements in living, and those that offer the source of greatest

happiness and satisfaction; namely, our human relationships, our love for one another, the esthetic values in life.

True it is, though sad, that our young people are so conscious of the lack of money as to consider it the most distressing problem in family life; but this is not surprising when we consider that there are some 11,000,000 young people in the United States today, between 16 and 25 years of age, who are out of school and out of jobs. The seriousness of this condition can only be realized when we pause to consider that these years represent the mating age. Biologically and chronologically this group of young people are ready for marriage, but economically it seems they have no chance.

The second category of problems includes those listed by 53% of the group and expressed in terms of parent-child relationship. The single problem which was mentioned the most frequently was the lack of companionship between parents and children. In many cases it was the mother who was away from home so much of the time that she could not supervise the children. But in the majority of cases it was the father who spent no time with his children. One student said, "We would have no problem if Dad could spend more time at home with us." Another said, "We need a father more than anything else. When Father is not at work he is in some meeting; we hardly know him." Still another wrote, "Our problem is the same one most families have—our parents have no time to spend with their children. This response is in harmony with another study made among 800 young people which showed 61%. I wonder if many children would not be willing and happy to accept the companionship of their parents as a substitute for a part of the lack of money?

The third category of problems had to do with the lack of cooperation within the family. This was listed as the most difficult problem by 36.6% of the group. This covered a wide field of difficulties. Among those listed most frequently were: "Mother and father never talk over family problems with us children; we children never know why we are not allowed to do the things we wish to, but are just told no with no explanation given." "Our family never does anything together," was another statement.

Surprising indeed it was to learn that in 10 families the use of the bathroom was their most serious problem. One student wrote, "Our family starts out each day with the whole family quarreling over the use of the bathroom." This problem may seem trivial to some of us, but it is not trivial when we think of the hazards to family unity and stability involved in a family beginning each day with the entire group quarreling. And more shame to this family and all families who engage in quarreling because of a situation such as the one referred to, one that could be so easily adjusted through cooperation, a little careful management, accommodation of one to another—the mere sacrifice on the part of one or the other, or each in his turn, of arising a few minutes earlier in the morning. Several students said that in their families one or two members were imposed upon by other mem-

bers, and this resulted in conflict. Oftentimes in such cases parents themselves are not aware of the fact that their children feel that they are being treated unjustly because of partiality shown to some member of the group. But because it is what a person things is true, whether it be so or not, that influences his behavior, parents should be alert in acquainting themselves with the ideas the child has in regard to the family relationship situation. This calls for cooperation.

Next came the 20 per cent who listed the husband-wife relationship as causing their most serious difficulty. This category of problems revealed arguments between parents, lack of consideration of one parent for the other, lack of efficiency, failure of the mother or father to assume his or her share of the family responsibility, and lack of agreement between parents in the handling of their children, such as disciplining them. May I call to your attention just one statement that was recorded in this category: "My father and mother have a regular quarrel every time they decide to go to a movie; they can't agree as to which show to go to, so they always spend about an hour arguing about it, then often it is too late for them to go and each blames the other." In this case the important element is that to the father and mother this repeated occurrence means nothing more than an argument over a movie, but to the children it means a conflict relationship between their father and mother. We must always remember that the seriousness of any family problem must be measured in terms of its effects on the children.

Other problems listed were as follows: Emotional instability of some member of the family was recorded by 60 students; health by 52; religion 34; use of the automobile by 23; death of a parent by 22; liquor and smoking 14; in-laws by 20; and 9 out of the total of 450 reported that they had no serious or distressing problems in their families. I say fortunate indeed are these nine young men and women.

I trust that even though we cannot discuss all of these problems, the mere mention of them will result in stimulating many of us to investigate and analyze our own family situation that we may more fully recognize our family problems. This is important because of the fact that the first step in the solution of any problem is to be cognizant of its existence.

HOW I wish that I had a solution to offer for all of these family problems, but that probably will never be possible. The achievement of successful family life will always remain a challenge to even the most wise and intellectual. In the first place, there is no one cause for any family problem; each problem represents a constellation of causes in which there is a sequence of incidents; likewise, there is no panacea or cure-all for any social problem.

However, there must be an answer to the economic problem; there must be some way of so distributing our resources that every family will have sufficient income for essentials. When we discover that answer, we will have gone far toward the alleviation of the stress and strain that comes as a result of our imperfect

economic organization. That our economic structure does not provide economic security for our homes, and that it does not afford our children opportunity for maximum advantages is a fact of which we are all aware. And we agree, no doubt, that one of the most disastrous results of this condition is the fact that such a shortage tends to debase the fundamental ideals of family life.

But I wonder if the opinion expressed by our group of students does not offer an indictment against parents from another angle; namely, against the set-up of the present-day standard of values for which we, as parents, are responsible. We cannot and we do not wish to ignore the need for money as a factor in successful living. We do desire to face the reality of the fact that the majority of families in our nation today actually need more than they have in order to provide the essentials, not to mention the cultural advantages. Even so, is not a great amount of unnecessary stress added because of the fact that we are placing too high a value on the possession of money as such? Do we not need to develop a more Christian attitude toward money? By that I mean, do we not need to look upon money as a commodity, a medium of exchange for the desirable and good things in life, and not as a means of gaining power and prestige? Should we not aim to develop an appreciation of what money can buy rather than a love of money itself? And at the same time do we not need to emphasize the importance of the type of happiness and success in family life which no amount of money can ever buy? We must place the greater value on the immaterial things in our culture. Each family must choose its level of life and strive for that level regardless of the level its neighbor is maintaining. And each family must have an appreciation of the desirability of the immaterial things as a source of happiness and satisfaction in family life.

One other suggestion I desire to offer in the form of an ardent plea for the democratic form of family organization—family organization based on the marriage of a man and woman who enter into the marriage relation as partners in the true sense of the word, on a 50-50 basis, willing to share equally the sacrifices, the responsibilities, the services, and the love and happiness that such a marriage has to offer—a family in which the council method of management is adopted. The council plan of family management is a subject worthy of the entire afternoon's discussion. Just briefly I may point out that it calls for regular meetings, at least once a week, at which the entire family group is present. During these sessions it is the purpose to consider all family problems such as: The family budget, the discipline of members, the use of the automobile, the assignment of duties and privileges to each member according to his age and ability to render service; a standard of values and a goal toward which each member may strive, and which should serve as a guide for the behavior of both the individual and the group. To epitomize, it calls for a frank and honest discussion of all phases of family living with all mem-

bers of the family taking part in the discussion. I believe sincerely that the family council plan of management offers the most hopeful possibility for the solution of all of the problems which the group of students have called to our attention: Financial, parent-child relationship, lack of cooperation, husband-wife relationship, health, and the others mentioned.

The council plan is a significant factor in the democratic type of family. This form of family organization has been tested and proved to be the most desirable. Of 3,000 marriages of five years or more duration among college educated people which were studied by Dr. Paul Popenoe, with whom you are all familiar, it was found according to the judgment of relatives and close friends, that of the 37 per cent which were of the democratic type of family, 87 per cent were happy; of the 35 per cent wherein the man was dominant, but 61 per cent were happy; and of the 38 per cent wherein the woman was dominant only 47 per cent were happy.

If we are successful in the accomplishment of improving our family life, we must realize at the outset that the future of the family does not rest with fate but lies within our own hands. And that within the family groups of today we have the builders of the family life of tomorrow; that upon the significant developments in the family more than upon the developments of any other institution depends the turning point in all human affairs.

In closing may I repeat someone's prayer for the family:

Dear God:
We thank Thee for our homes.
We are glad Thou hast set us in families.
Help us to respect all homes.
When we have shut the door against all that is without,
May we find Thee always within.
Speak Thou in our family councils;
Let Thy Spirit fix our family choices.
Ever be with us in our homes.
In sun or shadow be present all our lot to share.
Make holy that blest fellowship with those we love.
May all homes be havens, since Thou art there. Amen.

God in the Darkness—

Robert E. Speer writes the following:

"I was awakened the other morning about four o'clock in my room by a little voice just beside my bed in the dark asking for a drink. I got the little lad a drink, and he lay quiet for a moment, and then asked, 'Father, may I sing myself to sleep?' And I said, 'Yes, dear, go ahead.' But soon he got up so much enthusiasm that I told him he had better stop, or none of the rest of us could sleep. Then he was quiet awhile, but soon I heard his little voice again in the perfect stillness of the night. 'Father, have you got your face turned toward me?' I said, 'Yes, little boy,' and the darkness was as the light of day to him."

Not Understood

By Lola H. Gibbons

"Not understood, how many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy? Ah, day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking;
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood."

MOTHER SEWELL waked, uncomfortable, after a startling sense of being pushed and shoved along a dark road. She looked at the clock on the chair—4:50. She drew one arm from under the covers, but a sharp pain in her shoulder caused her to draw it back quickly; and knowing that when she would move her legs the pain would shoot across her back, resentment welled up in her mind. She stretched forth the other arm to reach for Jane's letter.

"Ouch," and the arm was drawn back with a resigned sigh. "Oh what's the use? I know what it says—every word: 'Dear Mother mine: I'm going to tell you something thrilling! I've thought it all out. You're coming to live with me this winter. You will, won't you? I'm coming after you next Friday, and we'll be back here Sunday night. You'll just have to come. We've all decided. Edna is going to give up her apartment and take care of the home for you. Helen and Etta will help you get ready. Al can take care of the cows and chickens. You'll have not one single thing to worry about. And Mother, we live just under the college hill, and you can go to school again!' "

Three days ago this letter had come. So soon after the funeral—even before the last flowers had withered and been thrown away—and it had turned everything topsy-turvy; and she hadn't been allowed one hour for rest and quiet and remembering, which she felt she needed so badly after the ordeal of burying her life's companion. And she was oh so tired.

Immediately, the day the letter came, Edna had moved right in and the other girls had come with their babies, and oh what a lot of excitement and talk and getting things done.

"Ma, you can study Shakespeare at last!"

"And see the college opera!"

"Momie, maybe they'll let you take part in one of their plays."

"They might, Ma."

Mother had always been a wonder to them, and often when helping them with lines they must learn they would exclaim, "Gee, Ma, you ought to be in the movies."

Of course they were thrilled over the idea of Mother going back to school. It had been her dream—after the family was reared. But nursing ten children through measles and mumps, pneumonia and broken collar bones, falling in love, going away to college and so on had made her stop talking about it, even stop thinking about it; but she still remembered.

Each of the children, as youngsters do at a certain age, had gone treasure hunting in mother's memories and had discovered her old, old high school letters and note

books. One scrap book, kept up during her first few years of married life, was full of pictures of college campuses, reviews of college plays and operas, graduation announcements, pictures and lists of contestants and prize winners.

"It's the only thing for you to do, Mother," they had all insisted when she hesitated and tried to think.

"Jane lives right in a college town."

"Now your girlhood dreams will come true!"

But that was such a long time ago, those girlhood dreams. She wished they could understand how different it was now that Delmar could not go with her, and how she felt about leaving her home—their home, his home.

The children didn't know that every brick and stone and piece of furniture in this home that Delmar had built for her told of his presence; that her mind held a thousand images of him as he worked about; that she would always lean on the strength that had been his.

How could they know that the good-by morning kisses, so much routine to them, had carried her through the countless tasks of motherhood each day for forty years, and that each night the beat of her heart had quickened as he came through the door? It would be hard to leave this home.

She wished she could tell them all to mind their own business and let her stay and be lonesome in peace.

But then maybe the children were right. Maybe she was the one who couldn't understand. Maybe once she got away everything would be different, and she wouldn't miss him so much. It did seem though that having husbands and wives of their own should help her children to understand just a little how she felt.

Yes, Edna would live in the home and she knew it would be well taken care of, and Albert had laughed amusedly when she seemed so concerned over the stock and barns and sheds and machinery which had always been kept in place like so many chess men just before the game begins. But there was J. Delmar, her eldest son—Junior Delmar, named after his father and cut down to J. Delmar or just J. D. Somehow even marriage hadn't stopped his coming for help. He had always demanded more of her than the others. The boy with his problems. Not a bad boy by any means, just irresponsible. And to cap it all he'd married a girl who was something of a problem herself, and now they had three little problems. Things hadn't been going too smoothly for them.

And besides, what was the use of sponging off Jane when she had a home of her own?

"MOMIE, aren't you going to get up today? The fire's going and breakfast is almost ready."

"You up, Edna? Well, well. I must have dozed off again. That sun is high."

It was the next day before Mother found time to write:

"Aug. 30, '38.

"It's Wednesday morning, Jane. If I'm lucky I'll get this finished today. I've been so tired the last few days, getting ready and all. Have hurried so fast getting the big boys off to the mill and then trying to pick tomatoes, which seems a harder job this year than ever before; and all the time keeping the stove full of

grapes—juice and jam. Then right in the middle of it we had company—the kind that helps—and by last night we had 40 quarts tomato juice, 5 qts. jam, 10 qts. grape juice, had sold some honey, bought some pears, talked on the phone, and everything else imaginable. Oh yes, we finished taking out the honey the other day—145 gals. I wish Daddy could have known that—the most ever taken out at one time.

"Today most everyone is at the County Fair but me. I'm too lazy. Still have a lot of jerky pains in my di-a-phram, if that's the way you spell the place where it hurts. Slept though, after Edna decorated me with mustard plasters and hot water bottles. It makes me so peeved to think I can't do things like I used to.

"We're having a fat hen and mashed potatoes and ice cream for dinner. It's company at Fair time you know. Here come some of them now. I'm going to hide out and finish this. Edna and Helen can make the gravy and set the table, 'cause if I don't get this finished I'll beat the letter there.

"Now I'm up in the store room perched up on a huge box like a queen. And nobody will think to look for a queen in a mess like this.

"I have already killed all my chickens that won't lay this winter and put them in bottles. You see I must bring something along to help pay for my keep.

"In between times we have been mending, sorting, remodeling. Have packed a lot of things. But seems like the nearer I get to leaving, the harder it is. I guess I'll be rarin' when the time comes, though. Sometimes I get the queerest feelings.

'They're calling, Jane. Something's happened. I can tell by their voices. Finish later—"

Mother Sewell slipped from her box throne and hurried downstairs.

"It's a special delivery letter, Mama, from J. Delmar. Read it," Edna insisted.

It was from J. Delmar. There was something foreboding about it. Her fingers shook a little, and there was the place in her throat where you could see her heart beat like a tiny drum whenever she hurried or got too excited. You could see the tiny drum there now, beating away. Years of mothering J. Delmar had taught her that when he wrote he was in trouble and coming to her to find a way out.

"I'll take it in here." Her eyes pleaded with her grown daughters as she slipped into her bedroom.

"Dear Mother: Sonia and I just can't make a go of it. Don't you think I've stood it long enough? She's been going a little too strong while I was away, so we're going to split up. I must find someone to care for the children. Would you do that for me, Mother? I'll send you at least fifty dollars a month. Love, J. D."

Her heart was beating like mad and coming right up into her head and pounding hard in her ears. The tiny drum in her throat was beating furiously.

"Now they cannot make me leave my home. I will stay and help J. Delmar who needs me," she vowed exultantly. "I will stay and take care of his babies." But then, oddly enough, there flashed to her mind the words of her husband the time their eldest son had killed a horse accidentally—he was seventeen then, always breaking horses and riding wild steers—and her husband had said to her:

"Don't you think, Mama, that it's just about time you let the boy fight his own battles? It won't hurt him to take the responsibility of paying for that horse. You deserve a new spring outfit with your butter and cheese money."

With a sharp stab of pain she remembered that finally her spring outfit had gone to pay for the horse and that her husband had looked hurt. Remembering that hurt look

on his face, she had always felt guilty.

Her thoughts were suddenly shattered. She could hear laughing and joking and fun making in the kitchen. Her two big boys, not married but wanting to be, were back from the mill on the mountain and like little boys, unable to wait for dinner, had snitched the cookie plate. Of course, she should have expected them back for the big dance.

So much noise and confusion.

And then she remembered Albert's pants.

"Momie," he called, his mouth crammed with cookie, his head poked through her bedroom door, "did you fix that carpenter's square in my Sunday pants?"

"Oh dear. I forgot all about it. But I'll do it now." Rather shaky, she arose from the little rocker she kept by her bed, and tucked the letter well under her pillow. The girls would be curious, but they didn't need to know—yet. No need to have a big scene when they were all having such a good time together.

"Forget it, Al," said Dick. "Profit by your college training and do it yourself. Ma isn't able to do those things like she used to. I'll press while you bathe and then you can take a turn."

MOTHER SEWELL tried to be gay with her children. She had taken lots of jolts in her life, and she had learned lots of things through the years. But that queer little hurt stayed in her breast. A hurt because the big boys thought she couldn't do all the things she used to do. And there was a heavy dull ache around her heart because J. D. was in such trouble, and she didn't know what Delmar would want her to do about it. The flood gates refused to open and give relief.

That evening they all joyfully went to the big dance and the fair with its merry-go-round, and left mother to rest up in the quiet. She had asked them to let her stay, and they thought perhaps it was best, too, for Edna had noticed the little drum beating most of the time this afternoon. Mother Sewell took J. Delmar's special delivery letter from under her pillow, and also the letter she had written to Jane, and bringing the little oak rocker Delmar had made for her she sat down and prayed for understanding and guidance. Her soul was on its knees. She must know what Delmar would have her do.

No woman had ever had a stronger, more reliable pillar to lean on than had she. It seemed to her he had always known which road to take. The children hadn't understood how much of her life he was. He had been so quiet around the house; they had dealt with her mostly—and she was still there. The neighbors hadn't understood. Oh if they needed a special prayer, a prayer from an honest heart which went straight to God, a prayer from one who lived His commandment that "Ye love one another as I have loved you," then they asked her husband in his strength of character to utter that prayer.

But she alone knew his kindness, thoughtfulness and humility. With every baby her joy had been so full, because he seemed to so fully sense the glory and honor of motherhood. She thought of him now as he had

taken each child in his arms to bless it.

A tear rolled down her nose.

Something must be the matter with her glasses. She took them off and wiped them carefully on the underside of her tie-apron, then put them on again. That was a little better, not much.

She picked up the special delivery letter. Again she could see so plainly that hurt look on his face when she told him she had given J. D. the money to pay for the "broken horse," and again when she had signed his note to buy the little red roadster. Suddenly she knew that it was probably because J. Delmar had always depended on her that he was unable to make a go of it now; and if she were not here to take care of his children he would probably forgive his wife, and be able to keep her close to him for future years of satisfaction and hope instead of parting from her and reaping only sadness and regrets.

Yes. That would be what her husband would want her to do. She would go to Jane's. There the goal she had almost gained forty years before, and given up because of love, could be realized. She would hunt out that little blue and gold college banner that she had bought just before Edna was born. It would be such fun! And she would study Shakespeare, even see some of his plays. She would get a seat on the front row. She could read Victor Hugo's book *Les Miserables* and take all the time she needed to think about it, and it would be nice and quiet in that big library so full of books. She would hear the college opera in the spring and hear the chorus sing often. There were fine lecturers and educators for class work— she would take just one class to begin with—but they gave wonderful talks in assemblies, and she would go to these. And she could hear the band practice from under the hill where Jane lived. It would be hard to climb that hill in the winter when it was icy. If Delmar could just be there to go with her and help her up that hill! What fun that would be!

Trembling fingers lifted the pencil; with determination she wrote:

"Dear son, I'm leaving for Jane's next Sunday morning, colors flying—"

And then it seemed that her husband came and stood by her side, wanting her so.

She leaned back to rest a moment —a moment in the little oak rocker which she had used to rock each of his babies. She could feel his presence tenderly, lovingly by her side. He was so close.

It was like all the years—the years they had worked and waited and had their babies—had slipped away and they were young again, and together.

There was no ache or pain as she lifted her hand for his—and arose to go with him.

HAPPENINGS

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE—A world brimming over with fragrance, beauty, and song is a testament of God's beneficence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH is her own stylist, and English women take notice. She shunned the extremely short skirts in her wardrobe for the American tour. Did American women take notice?

RUTH BRYAN OWEN RHODE is said to be as eloquent and magnetic as her distinguished father on the lecture platform. Blood will tell.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, versatile and accomplished, is a patron of art and never happier than when displaying some of her collections, among them her Goya etchings of which she is especially proud.

LAURA INGALLS, most daring aviatrix since the ill-fated Amelia Earhart, lost somewhere in the South Seas, has planned a solo distance flight record across the Pacific.

HILDA YEN, touring America in behalf of Chinese refugees, was severely injured in a plane crash. Regaining consciousness she said, "I would gladly die for the cause."

ANNA SCHETININA is the first of the Soviet seagoing women to achieve the rank of Captain, and there are 8,800 women sailors besides over 2,000 women running river boats. Besides the Russians, women in England and other lands are organizing to take over naval jobs in case of war.

MARJORY KINNIN RAWLINGS received the Pulitzer prize of $1,000 for the most distinguished novel of last year, "The Yearling," a pastoral story of a Florida boy.

IDA M. TARBELL has delighted her many admirers by printing "All In The Day's Work," an autobiography. It is the story of a great American who has fearlessly approached life and stood for liberal thought and action. "My Days of Strength" is another interesting biography by Anne Walton Fearn, an American woman doctor who spent forty years in China.

ELIZA A. MUNSON, 91, of Circleville died last month. She was a member of the Daughters of the Mormon Battalion and Daughters of Utah Pioneers and a devoted Latter-day Saint.

RUTH L. PARTRIDGE of Utah has recently written a novel "Adventures With A Lamp," the story of a nurse. Elsie C. Carroll is a contributor to "Women Of The West" and Anna Prince Redd's Relief Society contest prize poem "No Beauty Is" appears in "North American Book of Verse," while other anthologies of 1939 are recognizing a number of Utah women poets, among them Nellie Parker, member of the Relief Society General Board, and Mary Leona Jolley, postmistress at Tropic.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Divided Attention

THE Savior said there are those who have ears but they hear not and those who have eyes but they see not. Some of us go through life and arrive at the sunset end with such a meager knowledge of the Gospel that we may well wonder if we are those to whom the Savior referred—have ears and hear not.

The average woman reads one or two hours a week, and is in regular church meetings and classes perhaps two to four hours a week—some more, some less. While much of our time may be spent in interpreting the Gospel plan in our daily lives, only about five per cent of our waking hours is actually spent in study and contemplation of this most important thing in life.

If we really apply ourselves during the five per cent of our time without dividing our attention too severely, we have great opportunities to grow and increase in knowledge and wisdom. But all too many of us allow our attention to be diverted from the main purpose, and the five per cent is reduced in some cases to a point where it is a question if any real, lasting benefits are received.

If the radio is allowed to play during the reading and study period, it is bound to divert the attention and decrease our ability to understand those things we find written in the best of books. In some homes the radio is allowed to play all day long, possibly with the hope that something worth while will come on, or because of fearing to miss the good features that do come on the air.

Some of our young people attend church in a purely social way, and the officers conducting the meetings and classes are just taken for granted, as the radio is at home; sometimes they pay attention and sometimes not, but certainly the speaker or class leader need not interfere with their thoughts or plans or the general social experience they are having in church.

Many of us are in the habit of relaxing so completely when attending church that we sleep or allow ourselves to get into a stupor so deep that not even the most important things penetrate our minds, and much of the value of our five per cent is lost. Such a small portion

of our time is spent at the feet of good teachers and in spiritual and cultural classes that we cannot afford to waste that time by relaxing so completely.

Some women have felt they were conserving time to knit or do other hand or needle work in the Relief Society or other church meetings. President Robison is particularly anxious that this habit stop, as it divides the attention of the women so engaged, and it is evidence of discourtesy toward those conducting the exercises, including of course the class leader.

Some one has said that "genius is only the power of sustained attention". Let us see that our attention is sustained until the very end, particularly during our study and reading periods and in our organization and church meetings that we may better understand the Plan of Salvation, the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear."

Our Viewpoint

A SURVEY of the activities of Relief Society for 1938-39 reveals a year characterized by unusual growth and achievement. Over 5,000 women have joined our ranks, adding strength to the Society; accomplishments in the field of welfare are a source of satisfaction, while the educational program has never been more ably carried forward.

However, as the year draws to a close the inclination of most of us is not to focus attention upon achievements but rather to view in restrospect the difficulties encountered, the problems met, and the great amount of effort which performance of our duties has entailed. So easily wearied, we are prone to feel that it has all been so much work. We rationalize: "In former days before we assumed this responsibility we walked whither we would. Shall we continue to be burdened with the heavy load; obliged to continually think of others and not to please ourselves? Shall we go on?" Such thoughts are both natural and common in view of responsibilities. Perhaps no one ever put his hand to the plow of an enterprise without indulging for at least a brief moment in such thoughts. But natural as it is to want to relinquish responsibility it is unwise. Only as we accept it do we grow. The fundamental road to advancement is individual effort—work.

Latter-day Saint women, through divine inspiration, have been given definite assignments; the fulfillment of these brings development. When we assume the attitude that too much is required of us we not only stand in the way of our individual advancement but we also retard the work of the Organization. The Relief Society program properly interpreted, with work intelligently delegated, does not unduly burden any woman.

If we will erase from mind the idea that we are overworked, that we are making sacrifices out of proportion to what should be required of us, we will find maximum enjoyment, advancement and success in the work of Relief Society.

World Center For Women's Archives

By Virginia Driggs Clark

"WHERE are the official histories and documents of our pioneer women?" This question was asked of four hundred women assembled in the city of Washington, D. C. at a meeting of the World Center for Women's Archives. The question was asked by Fola La Follette, daughter in the famous La Follette family of Wisconsin. She explained that having an unusual interest in history she was fascinated with the stories of western settlement but felt something was lacking. She concluded that stories dealing with pioneer women had been omitted. Careful research revealed numerous records rich in the activities of men but not of women; the story of womankind was probably hidden away in diaries, letters, miscellaneous notes and references, or in the memories of people—seldom written.

The World Center for Women's Archives was organized two years ago by Mary Beard, wife of our prominent historian, Dr. Charles A. Beard, with the support of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and a group of nationally known women. Its purposes are:

"To make a systematic search for undeposited source materials dealing with women's lives and activities, interests and ideas, as members of society everywhere. Included in such source materials will be letters, diaries, speeches, pamphlets and articles, manuscripts of books in special cases, notes and memoranda, programs of work and publicity.

"To reproduce important materials, already deposited elsewhere, by means of microfilming and other modern processes.

"To become a clearing-house of information with respect to the location and character of source materials on women in other libraries and institutions.

"To encourage recognition of women as co-makers of history."

Inez Haynes Irwin, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Women's Archives, related the part played by Kathryn Greene as co-inventor of the cotton gin. The part played by Eli Whitney in this important invention has been fully emphasized, but very little credit has been given to Kathryn Greene. It is only simple justice that women be recognized for their contributions to life.

Mary Beard, speaking to this gathering, declared that women should be recognized as co-makers of history; the Hall of Fame has been founded, but there are very few women in it. An appeal was also made by Dorothy Detzer, Secretary of the Women's International League for Peace, who urged that in collecting the histories of women we do not forget their hopes and dreams.

The organization for a world center for women's archives is only two years old, but is growing rapidly. At the present time there is no building in which to store precious collections; there is no permanent fund to assure the organization's stability, but there are hundreds of women all over the country whose interest in preserving the traditions, histories and writings of women will make the dreams of the organization a reality.

The Shining Heart

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

Character Description and Synopsis—4th Installment

WEATHER-BEATEN and gray, the Carey mansion overlooks Puget Sound. A crumbling reminder of the better days of the Carey family, the dank, overgrown place is beloved by its owner, gray-haired

"MISS BRILL" CAREY, who earns her living as a seamstress. Miss Brill had overdone her strength the day she went to ask wealthy old Philander Maddox for a job for her niece. Returning home, she is stricken on the roadside, where she is found dazed and ill by the niece, lovely red-haired young

NELL CAREY, who is returning from a movie with Fred Nagle. Nell has ambitions to be an artist, but no money. Miss Brill had determined to provide this opportunity and thereby perhaps break up the girl's half-hearted engagement to

FRED NAGLE, a too-material young chicken farmer, bent chiefly on "getting ahead". He was also determined not to lose Nell, and was no more disturbed by Miss Brill's news of Nell's job than he was by the presence of the new tenant of the Carey's Alaska house, young

ROBERT LATHROP, mysterious and irritable convalescent. Determined to occupy the sourdough cabin—comfortable log replica of an Alaskan cabin—on the Carey property, Lathrop rouses the ire of Nell, who believes his presence will disturb her aunt. The young man surprises the girl by winning the complete confidence of the stricken woman.

Hopelessly bed-ridden and unable to speak since her stroke, Miss Brill is the obstacle to Nell's career as an artist. But the girl has discovered she is a foundling, no relation to the supposed aunt, and resolves to give herself entirely to the invalid's care. She has promised to marry Fred by the end of summer if Miss Brill does not improve, and feels herself trapped. Roused from her despair by the announcement of a local art scholarship contest, Nell busies herself to prepare an entry.

CHAPTER FIVE

IF there was one thing Nell liked to paint better than another, it was Puget Sound. All her days and nights had been colored by sights and sounds of that rambling bit of the Pacific Ocean that found its way between the pine-covered hills of western Washington. She knew it blue and calm, as soft and silky as a baby's rumpled crib cover; she knew it gray and sullen under misty rain, its green border blotted out by low-hanging clouds. She knew it as a gay, brilliant playground for the dancing whitecaps of its own waves and the slanting sails of small sporting crafts that dotted it on brisk days. And she knew it angrily tossing great logs from broken booms onto its rocky beach under the lash of a forty-mile gale.

The Carey house faced the widest possible expanse of the water. To the south the channel narrowed on its way to the ports of Seattle and Tacoma. Dividing it to the north was the bulk of Whidby Island, sending the water's eastern channel to Bellingham, its western to follow a wide path to lovely Canadian Victoria. But westward were the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and this gateway Nell loved, this vast mystery of the ocean out of which suddenly materialized tiny specks that became the freighters of Japan, of Italy, of far-off Australia that made incessant parade past the Carey front door.

Nell had placed her easel on the old pier that Tom Carey had built to moor his fishing boat. It was a good

pier, on stout cedar piles that never wavered under the heaviest water. The girl had placed her stool slightly on an angle, and through the corner of her eye she could see the Alaska house.

Stretched in his deck chair on the platform, hat pulled low over his be-goggled face, was Mr. Robert Lathrop, the ex-prowler, week-long tenant of the cabin, but still a hostile stranger as far as Nell was concerned.

Nell resented him. She had never actually talked with the man. His curt nod when she passed him on the path as he swung down the slope to his cabin, an irritable "great guns, not even a telephone" when he had asked if he might use theirs, and a few arrogant inquiries as to the source of supply of butter, eggs and milk (they must be fresh) was all the contact she had had with him.

She had been amazed once, coming home from the village, to hear his laugh coming from Miss Brill's room, and after he had gone the invalid had been pink-cheeked and almost gay. Nell had spouted her indignation at his audacity in annoying a sick woman. Miss Brill had merely smiled.

"Does me good," she had managed, "I like him."

But Nell didn't. Fortunately, this odious man spent most of his time stretched on his deck chair in the sun on the terrace, wrapped like a cocoon in a rug of violent Scotch plaid, sleeping, or pretending to. He had told Mary Kelly he was convalescing from some nervous disorder. He had been most vague and embarrassed about it.

"I've seen men as looked like that, pale and hateful, when they come out of prison," Mary Kelly had finished darkly.

"Oh, Mrs. Kelly," protested Nell, "you mustn't say such things." But secretly she had a suspicion the good woman might be right. Somehow, she did not trust Robert Lathrop. For one thing, she resented his clothes. A man had no business wearing ties as beautiful as those Mr. Lathrop wore.

Nell shook her hair back impatiently. This would never do. Sitting here resenting the Lathrop nuisance would win no scholarships. For one thing, it put her in the wrong mood. She dipped her brush into the gray paint she had mixed, and plied it with care. A little more red! The Sound just before dawn was a different gray than during a rain. It had a peculiar cast of translucent rose that hinted of the coming light but did not tell it clearly. That was the effect she must get. She forgot Robert Lathrop completely and painted furiously.

"H'm. Not bad. Not bad at all."

THE voice behind her was bland, a little patronizing, but friendly. Nell had to stare to convince herself that it belonged to the hostile tenant of the Alaska house. He had his glasses off, his dark hair was rumpled. His sweater of hunter's green suited exactly the slight tan that he had coaxed on his face. Nell was startled and not a little confused. He was not thirty-five—not even thirty. He might possibly be twenty-five, but not a day older.

Robert Lathrop grinned. "You act as if you'd never seen me before," he said.

"I haven't," Nell blurted truth-

fully. She really hadn't seen him—only the distorted image she had created of him. "I mean," she indicated the sun glasses in his hand, "not without those."

"They do make a difference. Have to wear 'em though till the eye trouble clears up. But I wanted to have a look at your work. They tell me you are an artist."

Nell smiled uncertainly. "That remains to be seen. I want to be one. I'm going to enter this in the contest, the one for the scholarship."

Lathrop's pleasantness was drowned in a scowl. "What do you want to monkey with contests for? Work yourself up to a pitch and get dropped with a thud. Do you realize how many 'would-be world beaters' try in those things? People with years of training! There are bound to be dozens better than you."

"And maybe not," Nell retorted sharply. "It's one way of finding out how good—or bad—I really am. I'm not afraid."

Lathrop shrugged. "So you're the game kind, eh?" Then, grudgingly, "That's a fairly good picture you've got there. Too quiet, though. Doesn't smack you in the eye." He leaned closer, then stood back squinting through lashes long and dark as Nell's own. "I don't know, now — those battleships stringing along, almost as gray as the water and sky. The lights in the crows nests! Gosh, they look stealthy as Indians sneaking up on you. Sort of sinister."

Nell's eyes shone. Pink spots glowed in her pale cheeks. "You see that? That's what I'm trying to get. Oh, I'm so glad you think I'm going in the right direction."

Lathrop laughed a little as though he were ashamed of his enthusiasm. He looked curiously at the girl. That hair! Only once before had he seen hair that exact shade of dark red, with highlights like old, rubbed mahogany. Abruptly he realized he was staring, and turned hastily to the picture again.

"Where did you get the idea? It might hit the committee in the eye yet."

Nell sparkled again. "Ever since I was big enough to climb out of my bed I've been up before dawn to watch the navy come up the Sound for fleet week. You look and look and can't see a thing. You make up your mind they aren't coming, and finally you make the first one out, gray as a ghost, and so terribly businesslike. I'd hate to be one of our enemies at sea. And then they come, just so far apart, until there's a line of them clear to Seattle from the straits."

"Sounds interesting," Lathrop murmured, watching the girl's face. "You paint too tensely, too carefully, wave for wave, cloud for cloud."

"I know, I've got to suggest more, outline less. Trouble is, I can't seem to do it. Well, I can only try."

Lathrop shrugged, his mouth bitter again. "That's so, Pollyanna. 'Do and dare,' 'strive and succeed'. Those are the old saws upon which they build contests like this, child."

Nell gasped under the cold deluge of his cynicism. "Why shouldn't I 'do and dare'? Listen, you're so wise. A little while ago I thought the world was down on me because I had to give up something I wanted desperately. So I just sat and gloomed and felt so sorry for poor little me.

Then I heard something that jolted me out of it, so I'm in this thing to win—to try and do as much for Aunt Brill as she's done for me. Certainly I'd never get any place sitting down in my despair in a deck chair and going to sleep."

Lathrop laughed shortly. "Thanks. I deserve that, I suppose. But really, Miss Carey, you've chosen a hard role. The only people who aren't trying to be artists in this day and age are those who want to be movie actors or writers. This thing, now. You think you're in a contest, and a couple of hundred other earnest young dupes think the same. But you'll find out! The winning canvases will all be in the bag before a single 'contest' entry comes in." Lathrop's face had become a dull red, his voice almost a snarl.

Nell said sharply, "You can't mean that. There must be some mistake!"

"There's a mistake, all right," Robert Lathrop said harshly, "and you're making it. Don't tell me I didn't warn you. Either go in this thing expecting nothing — which, please believe it, is all you'll get—or stay out of it. You haven't a chance."

"No," cried Nell, and indicated the dank gray house behind her, the overgrown, neglected yard, "I can't give myself—Aunt Brill—up to *this*. I've got to struggle out of it."

Lathrop's face was its normal pale olive again. "You could always get married. Don't tell me that thick young fellow with the scrubbed look about him comes to see auntie."

Nell laughed, and the tension between them eased. "It's been suggested—the marriage part of it, I mean."

"Young men who marry restless young women ought to receive a medal. They keep so many idle brains out of mischief," Lathrop declared, his cynical self again. "A good cook is worth a dozen second-rate artists, any day."

NELL disdained to reply to this, so the young man resumed his goggles, his plaid rug and his horizontal position in the deck chair, studying the bent head of the artist behind the screen of his dark glasses. That hair had bothered him, but it did so no longer. He knew where he had seen it. It was just shortly after the great war, and he had seen it on the head of a very pretty, if haughty, young lady, who used to come to talk with his mother. He remembered, did Robert Lathrop, hanging behind his mother's chair and watching the lights play on the lovely red hair of the caller until he was reminded sharply to go out and play with the other little boys.

"When this Nell gets some sense she's going to be a beauty. Better than the other one," Lathrop told himself. And the thought of that other red-haired beauty tantalized him. He had so many pieces of a puzzle that lacked but little of being a complete picture. He lay so quietly in his deck chair one would have thought him asleep. At length he whistled softly.

"She's the one. She has to be," he said aloud. Trouble was he had nothing but the looks of the girl and the whispers of Mrs. Mary Kelly to go on. If only Miss Brill could talk—or would.

The young man's face glowed with an almost fanatic fervor. This girl, if she had lots of money, would

forget about her art. She'd abandon the long, heartbreaking quest for a mirage that would almost certainly never materialize. This quest that sucked the life blood of young, vital people and left them bitter, disillusioned and forever haunted! Nell Carey, young, but lightly touched by the art madness yet, could be saved from that, and he, Robert Lathrop, knew part of the way to do it. Somehow the old lady must be made to tell him what she knew.

(*To be continued*)

DESERTED HOMESTEAD

By Olive C. Wehr

Little deserted house
Here at the desert's edge,
Browned by the desert sun,
You wait forlorn—
A symbol
Of the unconquered—
A lost hope,
A broken dream,
And once—a home.

All day long
The desert winds
Cry their songs
About you.
Ghost-children
Of a long-forgotten past,
They run and play,
And toss the sand
By little handfuls
In through broken windows.

A red tomato can
On a rusty stove,
An old love letter
On a dusty shelf,
And a broken toy—
Mute memories
Of a living past,
Heartaches,
And final despair.

The Legend of the Green Gates

By Edith Young Booth

WHOEVER has traveled through the towns of southern Utah must remember the historic and interesting city of Saint George, founded by a group of outstanding men and women whom the great pioneer leader, Brigham Young, called to settle the "Dixie" country. Here a marvelous community was established as a result of perseverance and industry. Even though extreme hardships were encountered, St. George became one of the outstanding early pioneer settlements of Utah.

To reach this city near the border line of the "Territory" required weeks of travel over roads that were scarcely more than trails; yet many of the Church leaders built beautiful winter homes here and thus enjoyed a climate which excelled even California's sunny vales. The homes of President Young, Orson Pratt, Erastus Snow and others remain as interesting landmarks of the early "sixties".

The beloved President, Brigham Young, had designated this city as the place where a temple should be erected. This building was commenced several years after the foundations of the Salt Lake Temple were laid; yet, through the enthusiastic efforts of the St. George people, assisted by willing volunteers from all parts of Utah, it became the first temple west of the Mississippi River to be dedicated.

As the building progressed, various materials were sent from Salt Lake City and other places to be used in its construction. As it neared completion, the workers anxiously awaited the paint and other materials to be used in finishing the great edifice. They had been compelled to discontinue activities because of the delay in receiving these. After weeks of weary travel over muddy, slippery roads, the supplies arrived.

Eagerly the unloading was watched, and how happy every one of the big family of St. George felt when they at last beheld the kegs of paint. The temple grounds were buzzing with humanity, as all hands were ready and eager to assist in this great work. After impatiently waiting for what seemed an interminable period, the containers were opened. White paint had been ordered, but in filling the order it was clearly apparent that "some one had blundered," for instead of white the spectators gazed on paint of a brilliant green hue!

A wail of disappointment rent the air, and a look of deep despair flooded the countenances of the gathered throng. Women wept and men stormed at this unexpected turn of affairs.

Travel was slow in those days, but after weeks of delay another consignment of paint of the right color was received—this time accompanied by demonstrations of great joy and thanksgiving.

When asked what should become of the green paint, President Young said that any man who would put his fences in good condition and build a suitable gate should be given enough paint to paint the gate.

The numerous green gates still remaining in all sections of St. George manifest that the people took advantage of Brigham Young's offer.

The Body's Need For Vitamins

By Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe

Home Economics Department—University of Utah

(Vitamins C, D, and G will be considered in this article)

VITAMIN C

While each vitamin has its own specific identity and specific functions, as a group they work together in regulating the body functions.

The disease known as scurvy is caused by the absence or deficiency of vitamin C in the diet and is one of the oldest deficiency diseases known. Any group of people, such as sailors, soldiers, or explorers, that was restricted to such foods as cereal products, dried meat and fish, over long periods of time, were affected with scurvy. Stories of spectacular cures are cited. A group of explorers camped during the winter near an Indian village. Both the Indians and the explorers were ill with scurvy. These men quickly recovered from the disease by taking the juice and sap of the leaves of a tree. While not definitely known, this tree is thought to have been the American Spruce.[1] Another instance of remarkable healing in 1747 was effected by the use of orange, lemon or lime juice. Since this time the British Navy has prescribed lemon (called lime) juice in the dietary, and the British sailors are today familiarly known as "limies". The introduction of the Irish potato into Northern Europe did much to decrease the occurrence of scurvy.

Scurvy is ordinarily thought of as a disease of adults. This is not true, however, as children are subject to scurvy if their diet is deficient in vitamin C over a sufficiently long period of time. Mary Swartz Rose in her text, *The Foundations of Nutrition*, cites examples of children afflicted with scurvy. A London physician found three children out of a large number in a certain hospital suffering from scurvy, while all the others were free from this disease. He sought out the cause and found that the diet of the first child had for the previous eight months been "oatmeal, rusks, and water with a little mutton broth"; the second child had lived for the previous three months on "bread and butter with a one-seventh share of a pint of milk together with a patent infant food"; the third "had been weaned two years and then fed bread, butter and tea with occasionally some sausage and a little brandy and water". The other children who did not have the disease had been accustomed to eating potatoes. The scurvy children were cured on a diet of boiled potatoes, mashed and served in raw milk.

Recent research with guinea pigs has contributed much to the understanding and treatment of this disease. It is now known that the cause of scurvy is the deficiency of ascorbic acid or vitamin C in the diet. Guinea pigs on a diet of oats and bran will soon become sick with this terrible disease. With the addition of fresh vegetables—cabbage

[1] *Spruce Beer as an Antiscorbutic*: Appleton, V. B., *Jour. Home Economics*, Vol. 13, page 604, 1921.

is especially good—the animals will speedily recover.

Ascorbic acid or vitamin C is synthesized both by plants and most animals, the exceptions being man, guinea pigs and monkeys. Since vitamin C is found in most plant and animal tissue, McCollum says "it is somewhat difficult to understand how our ancestors were so slow in recognizing the preventatives of scurvy—fresh fruits and vegetables". The chemist now knows the chemical formula of Vitamin C or ascorbic acid, and it is on the market in a crystalline and other forms.

Functions of Vitamin C.

Vitamin C in the diet prevents the disease scurvy. Seldom is there a deficiency of vitamin C alone in the diet. There are usually deficiencies of other essential nutrients so that one will usually find varied symptoms[2] attributed to scurvy. In general, scurvy in human beings has the following symptoms:[2] "The adult loses weight, is anemic, weak and short of breath. The gums become swollen, bleed easily, and frequently ulcerate. The teeth loosen and may drop out." Other symptoms noted are: "Hemorrhages into the mucous membrane and skin are characteristic. Blue-black spots develop in the skin and subcutaneous tissue, and nervous symptoms of various types may appear. Children and infants are fretful, anemic and without appetite. They fail to grow satisfactorily and exhibit vague evidences of illness."

[2]*The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition*: McCollum, E. V., 5th Edition, 1939.

Particularly does the writer wish to call attention to the effect of the absence or deficiency of vitamin C in the diet, in that the body is unable to produce intercellular material, particularly the intercellular material in the walls of the blood vessels. This intercellular structure is "the cementing substance which holds the cells together" thus giving greater strength and greater elasticity to the walls of the blood vessels, thereby lessening hemorrhages.

The effect on the teeth is also marked. The general tooth structure is weakened, decays readily, loosens and falls out. The gums become reddened and inflamed and are easily infected. The heart often becomes enlarged and the heart muscles become weakened. There are many other important symptoms of vitamin C deficiency.

The boney structure throughout the body is affected because of the inability of the growing ends of the bones to retain and make use of the mineral salts, and they become soft and break easily.

The deficiency of vitamin C contributes to anemia due to the destruction of the blood-forming cells in the bone marrow and the loss of blood through hemorrhages.

The muscles throughout the entire body degenerate and become weak. Thus weakened, the tissue throughout the body is more readily subject to infection.

These effects of vitamin C deficiency come on gradually and do not manifest themselves in obvious symptoms until much damage is done . It is unfortunate that all of the vitamin deficiency diseases are not accompanied by aches and pains

in the early stages so that attention may be called to them before so much damage has been done.

The above symptoms readily and dramatically disappear when an adequate supply of vitamin C is added to the diet.

Nature of Vitamin C

Vitamin C is readily soluble in water. It is quickly oxidized or destroyed when exposed to the air. Light also has a marked destructive effect. Even the light passing through a milk bottle readily destroys the vitamin C in the milk. This vitamin is readily destroyed in the ordinary cooking processes. The vitamin, however, is much more stable in an acid medium, and moderate heat in such a medium does not affect the vitamin. If soda or other alkaline substances are added to foods containing vitamin C, it will be destroyed. Hence, the custom of adding soda to hasten the softening of vegetables and to tomatoes to neutralize the acid is a bad nutritional practice. One gets his best sources of vitamin C in the fruits and vegetables containing free acids such as the citrus fruits and tomatoes. The modern canning methods do not destroy much of the vitamin C because of the practice of pre-heating to drive out the air before processing in the cans by heat. The drying of food tends to destroy much of this vitamin. The quick freezing method of preserving fruits and vegetables does not affect vitamin values.

Vitamin C Requirement

The best authorities are agreed that we do not definitely know at this time the best amount of vitamin C for the various age groups. Dr. Hess suggests that 2.5 milligrams (100 International units) of vitamin C—Ascorbic acid—daily will protect a baby from scurvy, and that the adult will need 7.5 milligrams (300 International units). One milligram equals 40 I. U. In other words, an infant should begin with one teaspoonful of orange juice in his drinking water daily, gradually working up to two ounces or four tablespoonsful. The adult will need three times this amount or three-fourths cupful daily. There is no danger of overdosage.

Sources of Vitamin C

Vitamin C is produced by the plant during growth. It is not present in dry, mature seeds but develops as soon as they begin to sprout. It is more abundant in the fresh green leaves. It is also found in the juicy stems, tubers, bulbs, roots and fruits. Citrus fruits and tomatoes are the best sources. We now understand some of the old-time remedies for scurvy, such as a decoction of pine needles, grass, burdock, dandelions, and the use of water-cress, turnip tops, etc. The potato holds a unique place in the prevention of scurvy. Apples are a very good source of vitamin C, depending upon the variety. Storage of fruits and vegetables results in considerable loss, most of the vitamin C being lost after nine months in an ordinary earth cellar and one-fourth after six months in cold storage.

Animal foods are not as good a source of C as are the vegetable foods. Meat and eggs have almost none. The amount in fresh raw milk depends upon the diet of the cow. Fresh green food and certain ensilage will produce three to five

times as much vitamin C as when the animal is on dry feed. Milk in any form—fresh, pasteurized or dried—is not thought of as good sources of this vitamin. One's safety lies in eating daily some good source of this vitamin, such as citrus fruits or tomatoes.

The vitamin C values of foods will be found in a table at the end of this article.

VITAMIN D

Space will permit only the briefest discussion of the two remaining vitamins, D and G, and the anti-sterility vitamin E will not be discussed at all.

Vitamin D is known as the anti-rachitic vitamin. Rickets is a disease of the bones in which the mineral salts are deficient, especially calcium and phosphorus. While this condition is generally due to a deficiency of mineral salts in the diet, it may in certain cases be due to the body's inability to absorb and utilize the mineral in the food. Rickets is a disease affecting the entire body, but its most characteristic symptom is a failure of the bones to calcify properly; they lose their rigidity and become easily deformed. The first defect is usually a row of protuberances down each side of the chest where the ribs join the sternum. The chest fails to develop normally. The bones project forward forming what is known as a pigeon breast. The entire chest space is smaller, thus interfering with full, deep breathing. The ends of the long bones of the body become enlarged, especially at the wrists and at the ankles. Poor teeth are definitely a symptom of vitamin D deficiency.

In the treatment or prevention of these symptoms it is not alone sufficient to provide an adequate supply of calcium and phosphorus in the diet, but vitamin D is necessary in order to help the body utilize these minerals. Sunlight during our summer season also helps the body to utilize the minerals in the diet more effectively. The effect of sunlight on the skin actually produces vitamin D which is utilized by the body in making better use of the minerals in the food. It is a fallacy to believe that vitamin D can take the place of minerals in the diet.

Food Sources

The food sources of vitamin D are very limited. The fish oils are the best sources. The egg yolk is the richest food source. Cow's milk is a poor source of vitamin D. It can, however, be successfully irradiated thus producing vitamin D. For safety one must include fish liver oil in a growing child's dietary during the periods of the year when exposure to direct sunlight is not practical.

VITAMIN G

Vitamin G has been intimately associated with vitamin B, but it has recently been given a definite identity. It is now known to be necessary to normal growth and development, to healthy skin and hair. In experimental animals on a diet deficient in vitamin G cataracts develop. Vitamin G appears to be necessary to the maintenance of health for all ages.

Vitamin G food values are not sufficiently well established and not enough is known about the amounts needed by adults and children to specify definite dosages. No inter-

national unitage has been established, but dosages are given in the Sherman-Bourquin units. These authorities recommend 600 units daily for adults and 400 daily for children up to ten years of age and 20 units per 100 calories thereafter.

Food Sources

Vitamin G is closely associated in foods with vitamin B and is a water soluble vitamin. The richest sources of G are brewer's yeast, liver, muscle meat, and egg. Milk is the most dependable source as it is found usually in the diet of both growing children and adults. Green leafy vegetables are a good source.

THE VITAMIN C AND G VALUES OF FOODS

(Revised March, 1938)

The Average Vitamin C Values per 100 grams or 3.6 ounces given in International Units and the Vitamin G values given in Sherman-Bourquin Units.

Vitamin C

Food	Units
Almonds	1,000
Asparagus, green	400
Brussels sprouts	550
Cabbage	1,000
Cantaloupe	300
Cauliflower	500
Currants, Black	3,900
Grapefruit	650
Kohl-rabi	1,000
Lemon juice	1,000
Liver, chicken	300
Mandarins	520
Oranges	800
Orange juice	900

Vitamin C

Food	Units
Paprika	2,100
Parsley	1,500
Parsnips	350
Peaches, dried, yellow	500
Peas, green	400
Peppers, green	2,000
Peppers, red	4,000
Pimentos, green	2,500
Pimentos, red	4,720
Radishes	500
Raspberries	350
Rhubarb	400
Rutabaga, white	400
Rutabaga, yellow	3,000
Spinach	1,000
Strawberries	600
Tangerines	500
Tomatoes, green	250
Tomatoes, ripe	300
Tomato juice	360
Turnip greens	1,000

Vitamin G

Beet greens	200
Broccoli	140
Cheese, Cheddar	220
Chick, Peas, dried	250
Eggs	125
Egg yolk	200
Heart, Beef	300
Kidney, Beef	800
Kidney, Veal	800
Kidney, Mutton	660
Liver, Beef	1,000
Liver, Calf	900
Liver, Lamb	600
Milk, whole	60
Milk, dried, whole	500
Milk, evaporated	100
Milk, butter	250
Peanuts	220
Prunes, dried	260
Soy Beans	250
Tangerines	250
Turnip greens	300
Wheat germ	300
Yeast, Fleischmann	500

A FATHER'S FAME

By Evelyn Wilde Heath

In loving memory of a Father's fame,
I see a face so gentle, kind and true.
It matters not—I shall not give his name,
He was my father—that alone should do.

For Father did not rank as over strong,
And he was never called the President,
Nor did they cheer him as he passed along;
But he was quite the best as fathers went.

He did not have a wealth of power or gold,
Nor did men sing the glory of his fame;
But he was true and honest, brave and bold,
And I was right-well proud to bear his name.

When night was black he eased my childish fears,
And taught me how to smile at darkened space;
A little awkward as he dried my tears,
His hand a little rough that brushed my face.

For Father's hands were strong hands like his soul;
Strong, capable—a little over tan.
His face bore signs where time had taken toll,
But honor, mellowed there, had made a man.

And as he smiled, his face with radiance beamed,
A twinkle in his eyes that spoke of mirth.
He went through life unnoticed, so it seemed,
But the Maker and the Master knew his worth.

Perhaps you may have seen an old violin
In some shop window on the edge of town;
The master knew its worth and took it in,
But they who searched for beauty turned it down.

The many mars the more would prove its worth
To him who loved the tarnished surface there;
And mellowed tones, like seeds deep in the earth,
Could move strong men to tears and whispered prayer.

Where thoughtless hands had severed it apart
It may have had a worn or broken string;
And if you searched the depths of Father's heart,
Perhaps you may have found just such a thing.

For fathers must grow weary of the load,
And while we sing the praises mothers win
How seldom is the debt to fathers showed;
And hearts must grow a little sad within.

And so I bow in sacred reverence,
My love a monument to his great name
Whose heart was filled with honor's recompense;
And just to be a Father was his fame.

MORMON HANDICRAFT

By Nellie O. Parker

FOR the world to beat a path to the door of Mormon Handicraft Shop is our aim; and if Emerson is right, we are confident it will be so when people know of the fineness and skill of the workmanship to be found here. Plans have been made to widen our circle of patrons, and important strides have been made this last month in its march of progress.

An attractive folder is to be placed in the dining and lounge cars of all trains coming into Salt Lake City. The officials of the different railroads have been very gracious in extending this privilege. They feel as we do, that it will bring added human interest to our historic mountain valleys. The folder tells in part:

"Rare skill in handicraft from every country has been perpetuated in Utah. . . . This cosmopolitan background, unique for thrift and versatility, has produced a handicraft guild not to be found in any other place in the world. . . . There is quality only hands can produce."

Two display cases have been placed in the lobby of the Hotel Utah—be sure to see them when in this vicinity. Each hand-made article in the cases fairly radiates personality, beauty and perfection of workmanship.

A representative of Altman Company, New York City, visited our shop recently. Upon her return to New York her company sent us an order for up-to-the-minute luncheon sets, copper work and oxen-yoke lamps.

Let me tell you about the luncheon sets. There are several different varieties so new and so smart we know you will want one or more of them. Some are crocheted of wondersheen in large, open patterns, yellow, green and white in color; they are oblong, round or star pointed in shape, and stiffly dressed so as to look crisp and cool for summer luncheons. They'd be suitable for any time for that matter. They can be ordered in any color to blend or accentuate your china or crystal ware.

Mormon Handicraft specializes in things for the hope chest. For this time, when dreams are being fulfilled, only the loveliest and finest are appropriate. Besides quilts, pillow cases, chair sets and rugs, there are many dainty guest towels—white handkerchief linen with hemstitched designs and blue borders; pale peach, green or blue ones, with or without blending colored borders, will be perfect for the dream home—just to see them is a delight. There are sturdier ones for more practical use but still very acceptable gifts.

I must not close before I tell you about the netted doilies as fine and filmy as a spider's web. (I'll let you in on a secret, they make the sweetest jabots you ever saw.)

P. S. There is nothing more suitable for a suit or separate skirt than a lovely sweater perfectly knit by skilled, deft fingers.

Notes FROM THE FIELD

By Julia A. F. Lund, *General Secretary*

Cache Stake

IN commemoration of the organization of Relief Society in Nauvoo, March 17, 1842, programs were held in all the wards in Cache Stake. These programs also honored Lucy S. Cardon, 87 years old, who served as president of the original Cache

LUCY S. CARDON

Stake for twenty-three years and who has been a devout member and loyal supporter of Relief Society during her entire lifetime. She is the only living member of the first Relief Society organized in Cache Stake in 1868. The original Cache Stake over which she presided has since been divided into seven stakes.

Sister Lula Y. Smith, the present president of Cache Stake, pays the following tribute to Sister Cardon: "She has won the love and respect of every one who knows her, and in the twilight hour of her life she still sheds the inspiration of a great personality. Years of public service remove all sham and reveal a spirit aglow with an inner glory. This is true of Sister Cardon. Eighty-seven years have added to the charm of her gracious dignity, stately bearing and humility of soul. Her life is a lesson in the power of serenity and understanding to shed great peace. Her courage and faith through all the trials of life have given strength to so many of those who know and love her. Her dignity, her wonderful service and inspiring personality will live with us always as a monument to a life made perfect. She truly exemplifies Relief Society in its highest form."

In appreciation of her wonderful life and her untiring devotion to the Relief Society cause, which she still supports in her inimitable way, the wards of Cache Stake presented her with a beautiful flowering plan and a letter expressing their love and appreciation.

South Davis Stake

THE 17th of March was very fittingly observed by the Farmington Ward Relief Society at Memorial Hall in Farmington, appropriately decorated for the occasion. The president, Sister Ethel Udy, and her counselors were at the center of the speakers' table, and on their left were seated all the former presidents of the Farmington Relief Society. At the right were women representing the seven general pres-

idents of Relief Society. In front the seats were occupied by the honorary members of the organization and special guests. The program was in keeping with the occasion. The sisters representing the general presidents were dressed in the styles of the periods in which the sisters lived. Following the presentation of a most appropriate program, a hot luncheon was served to the members and guests. The picture represents those who impersonated the seven presidents.

SISTERS OF SOUTH DAVIS STAKE IMPERSONATING GENERAL PRESIDENTS OF RELIEF SOCIETY.

Smithfield Stake

THOUGH Smithfield is one of the newer stakes, it has made a most enviable record in Relief Society activities. This is especially demonstrated by the Membership Drive, which was conducted during the latter part of 1938. This particular activity was known as the Friendship Drive, and the stake has every reason to feel that it was most successful. The ward co-ordinators and their coworkers were enthusiastic about the work and proved in every way to be good salesmen of the Relief Society.

The friendly campaign was officially launched on November 15, 1938. Each ward had the type of party or social which it desired, directed by the ward co-ordinator. During the campaign each ward coordinator prepared for her respective group a friendship chain. This was made of gold paper, and as each new member joined the ranks a new link was added. Each member, old and new, was asked to write her name on the gold link which represented her, thus making a wonderful chain of true and everlasting friendship.

The slogan, "Members old, members new, one hundred thousand by '42," was extensively used with the hope that people would become Relief Society conscious. The slogan was printed on very attractive banners and displayed in a prominent place in each ward. Over this slogan the friendship chain was hung. In order to obtain golden key success the wards understand that they must obtain their four-year membership quota. The stake board will then present the successful wards with the golden key.

It was the feeling of the stake that

a short and intensive campaign would be more successful, so the Membership Drive for 1938 ended officially December 15. At its conclusion the stake Relief Society board entertained all members of the Relief Society. A short program was presented. *One Hundred Thousand Strong* was sung by the group, prayer offered by Bishop Roskelley and an address of welcome given by the Relief Society stake president, Anne M. Farr. The chorus of Relief Society Singing Mothers rendered an original friendship song, written by the chorister, Eugenia Lundquist. The stake co-ordinator, Sonoma Y. Toolson, gave a report of the membership gains in each ward. The Singing Mothers presented a group of Christmas songs after which the picture *David Copperfield* was shown. A large and enthusiastic group attended.

North Sevier Stake

AMONG the many original and significant symbols used in promoting the Membership Drive, the "Ship of Progress," used by one of the wards of the North Sevier Stake, is one of the most attractive. It is designed to show the progress of the Drive to its completion in 1942. The ship has three decks. Each member is represented by a candle. The top deck includes all of the active and honorary members. The second deck includes the new members. These are to be transferred to the top deck when the total number of new members reaches 27, which is the number necessary for the ward to make its quota. The third deck includes all of the inactive members, and when they become active they are transferred to the top deck. This ship is decorated in Relief Society colors, blue and gold. The blue banner running alongside the ship contains the slogan, and the streamers have all the ward members' names written on them. As each member pays her annual dues, a golden star is placed by her name.

AMY J. PETERSON

MEMBERSHIP SYMBOL,
SALINA FIRST WARD.

This symbol of the ship has very successfully stimulated membership. Since last fall the Society has achieved 100% in the payment of annual dues and acquired twenty new members; sixteen inactive members have been transferred to the active roll. It is the plan to light the candles in 1942. This attractive, symbolical ship was planned and built by Mrs. James Kane and Mrs. Merle Mickelson of the Salina First Ward.

Amy J. Peterson has been an active member in the Relief Society for over thirty years and is first counselor in the First Ward Relief Society at present.

Star Valley Stake

THE Afton North Ward Relief Society of the Star Valley Stake held a very appropriate celebration on March 17. An interesting program of readings and a tribute to the Relief Society were features, together with beautiful music furnished by the Relief Society Singing Mothers. A delicious hot dinner was served to about 175 people. One of the interesting features was the large four-layer birthday cake, a picture of which is here shown. This cake was made and decorated by the Relief Society presidency, carrying out the color scheme of blue and gold, with 97 candles. The happy day was concluded with a successful dancing party in which the South Afton Ward joined. The music featured both the old and the new dances.

ANNIVERSARY DAY, STAR VALLEY STAKE

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Requisites Of A Good Conductor

By Wade N. Stephens

(Conference Address)

I. Mechanics of Time Beating.

A. Beat Patterns:

$\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ (and $\frac{9}{8}$ in fast tempo)

$\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{4}{8}$ (and $\frac{12}{8}$ in fast tempo)

$\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{2}{8}$ (and $\frac{6}{8}$ in fast tempo)

Slow $\frac{6}{8}$

Slow $\frac{9}{8}$

Slow $\frac{12}{8}$

B. Cue Beat:

1. Has same duration as a full beat in tempo to be used.
2. Comes from direction of beat preceding beginning of music.

C. Cut off:

1. If at end of piece or section, cut off is straight down, the hand continuing down to relaxed position at the side.
2. If music continues, cut off moves toward the place the next cue beat begins.

D. Hold:

1. The baton is held almost horizontally, point slightly up.
2. The movement is away from the body, toward the chorus.

II. Emotional Analysis of the Piece

A. Careful reading of the words of a song will show the conductor the general type of emotion expressed therein. These are types:

1. Love.
2. Grief.
3. Joy.
4. Religious fervor (or patriotism).
5. U n e m o t i o n a l, passive moods.

B. When the emotional type is discovered, a single word should be found that will define the specific mood of each moment of the piece.

There are an infinite number of possible words. These are examples:

1. Love.
   a. Passion, t e n d e r ness, longing, etc.
2. Grief.
   a. Sadness, sorrow, hopelessness, etc.
3. Joy.
   a. Happiness, joyousness, gladness, etc.
4. Religious fervor.
   a. Praise, thankfulness, reverence, etc.
5. U n e m o t i o n a l passive moods.

a. Contentment, contemplation, restfulness, etc.

III. Translation of the Mood into Music, Principally Through the Judicious Choice and Variation of Tempo and Dynamics.

A. Tempo:

1. Fast tempos usually express some form of joy.
2. Medium tempos usually express passive moods best.
3. Slow tempos usually express some form of grief.
4. The tempos of pieces expressing love and religious fervor are usually faster if the mood contains joy, slower if it contains sorrow.

B. Dynamics:

1. Intense emotion of any kind may be expressed either by extreme loudness or extreme softness.
2. Less intense emotions call for medium loudness or medium softness.
3. In songs, the sentence structure partially controls the finer shading.

   Nouns, pronouns, adjectives, adverbs and verbs are sung louder than conjunctions and prepositions. The most important word of the sentence or phrase is usually sung loudest, preceded by a crescendo and followed by a diminuendo.

4. The accented syllables of a word are sung louder than unaccented ones.
5. The musical phrase usually consists of 4 (sometimes 2) measures, with a point of rest at the end. It should be treated in one or more of the following ways:
   a. It may be louder in the middle and softer at both ends, or vice versa.
   b. When the melody goes up, sing louder, when it goes down, softer.
   c. A very long note should not usually be the same loudness throughout.
   d. When a phrase or section is repeated, do not do it the same way both times.

   The words will usually determine which to do.

IV. Projection of the Mood to the Singers:

A. A large beat goes with a slow tempo, a small one with a fast tempo.

1. Tempo changes can be indicated by changing both size and speed, either gradually or suddenly. Change of speed alone is not enough.

B. When tempo remains the same, a large beat indicates loudness, a small one softness.

1. Dynamics changes can be indicated by changing

the size of the beat, keeping its speed constant.

B. Intensity of any type of emotion can be communicated to the singers by tensing the muscles of the baton hand, the arm, or even the entire body.

D. Think of the emotion to be expressed. This will result in appropriate facial expression, which is the most effective of all means of projecting mood.

E. The left hand is used always for emphasis. When raised, it attracts attention. Therefore, it should be used only when needed, and relaxed at the side the rest of the time. These are uses of the left hand:

1. Attack
2. Release
3. Accent
4. Change in speed

(In these, the motions of the left hand parallel those of the right.)

5. Change in dynamics.
   a. Soft, palm down
   b. Louder, palm up
   c. Loudest, doubled fist.
6. Intensity of emotion is expressed by tension in the muscles of the hand and arm.
7. Special indications to individual parts, accomplished by pointing at the section involved at the proper time.

F. Breathing pauses can be indicated by taking a breath in such a way that the singers can do it with you.

NO SECRET

By Anna Prince Redd

A little wind, a little rain,
A breath of scented rhapsody half pain,
Clouds in ultramarine blue,
Buds just swelling, wet with dew,
Bird a-tilt upon a limb
Joy of life quite bursting him;
Things a-tremble with new birth,
Pungent odors from the earth,
Reviving warmth, the clean washed smell,
Oh all the world combines to tell—
It's Spring!

LESSON PREVIEW—1939-40

Theology and Testimony

MINISTRY OF THE EARLY APOSTLES

THE course in Theology for the year 1939-40 is to be a continuation of the New Testament, containing further information about the "Ministry of The Early Apostles," their personalities and lives.

We feel sure the lessons will be inspiring and helpful to all those who study them, for great effort has been taken in their preparation; much research and exhaustive reading have been necessary. The lessons on John the Beloved, Matthew the Publican and Paul the Missionary are especially colorful and interesting.

Such a course carefully studied will enrich the lives of all who have the privilege of taking it. It forms a foundation for character building, for a better understanding of human relations, and a greater appreciation of everything worth while in life's experience.

Following are the lesson titles:

1. John the Beloved.
2. John the Beloved (Cont'd.).
3. Matthew the Publican.
4. Saul the Pharisee and Persecutor.
5. Saul's Vision and the Changed Life.
6. Paul the Missionary.
7. Paul the Missionary (Cont'd.).
8. Paul the Writer.
9. Paul's Lasting Influence.

Visiting Teacher Department

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

THE spiritual messages to be presented by the visiting teachers are taken from the teachings of the Early Apostles. These messages correlate with the Theology lessons and are designed to improve personalities and strengthen both home and church relationships.

The following messages are to be presented:

1. Establishing Goals.
2. Unity.
3. Befitting Speech.
4. Gifts.
5. Manifestations of Love.
6. Giving.
7. Kindness.
8. Unselfishness.
9. Charity Never Faileth.

Work and Business Department

The Selection and Preparation of Food for Proper Nutrition

I. Family's Food Supply

A. What to eat
B. How much to eat
C. Why to eat it (food values)
D. Preparation to retain food values
E. How to provide year's food supply
   1. Production of food supply
      (a) Home gardens, poultry, meat supply (family cow), etc.
   2. Purchasing of foods which cannot be produced at home

II. Food Sanitation

A. Work shop (kitchen)
B. Worker
C. Food supply
   1. Market
   2. At home
      (a) Milk, vegetables, fruits, meats, etc.

III. Clean Dishes

A. Why clean dishes?
B. What are clean dishes?
C. How to get clean dishes
   1. Desirable equipment
   2. Desirable methods

IV. Selection and Preparation of Vegetables

A. What vegetables to use
   1. Green, yellow or leafy
   2. Potatoes
   3. One other
B. Why to use them
   1. Food values
C. How to prepare them
   1. Cooking of the vegetables
   2. Salad preparation

V. The Efficient Kitchen for Food Preparation

A. Selection and Care of Equipment and Utensils
   1. Stove
   2. Refrigerator
   3. Sink
   4. Tables, stools
   5. Utensils
B. Arrangement
   1. Time and effort saving arrangement for preparing and serving of food
   2. Best arrangements for cleaning up
   3. Storage for staples
   4. Storage for perishables
   5. Storage for utensils
   6. A planning or business center for efficiency

VI. Food Habits and Appetites

A. What are good food habits?
B. Why have good food habits?
C. How to develop good food habits
   1. Start early
   2. Introduce new foods gradually
   3. Emphasize power of example
   4. Provide proper environment
   5. Use attractive service

VII. Healthful Kitchens for Wholesome Food

A. Safe supply of water—running hot and cold water
B. Sanitary disposal of kitchen waste
C. Light, both day and night—surface finishes, natural light, artificial light
D. Heat and ventilation—screening
E. Freedom from accident hazards
F. Safe and efficient cleaning methods
   1. Walls
   2. Woodwork
   3. Floors
   4. Stove
   5. Sink
   6. Refrigerator
   7. Utensils

VIII. Lunches Away From Home

A. What comprises a good lunch?
B. Why have a good lunch?
C. How to prepare a good lunch

IX. Preservation of the Food Supply

A. What to preserve
   1. Amount to preserve
B. Why preserve foods?
C. How to preserve foods
   1. Storage
      (a) For winter
      (b) Short-time storage
   2. Drying
   3. Canning
   4. Freezing

Helpful material and suggestions on each of the lessons will be sent to stake presidents and mission presidents in the United States.

Literary Department

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

THE Literary study for 1939-40 is a continuation of "The Advance of the Novel," with the same objectives as stated at the beginning of the course: To trace the novel from its beginning and show the dominant position it holds in the field of literature today; to develop taste and judgment in selecting from the very extensive number of books available; to exercise literary guidance and to help interpret some of the masterpieces of fiction.

The Advance of the English Novel by William Lyon Phelps will still be found a stimulating and delightful reference book.

The Story of the World's Literature by John Macy will be used as a reference. This book was purchased by the stakes and wards for use in the 1933-4 Literary course, "Life and Literature". It should have been preserved and will be found very useful in the present course.

Three great novels will be studied and can be obtained at the Deseret Book Store after July 1, 1939:

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc—Mark Twain $1.75
Les Miserables—Victor Hugo.. 1.00
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—Blasco Ibanez.. 1.00
The Story of the World's Literature—John Macy..... .75

Social Service

Psychology and Modern Problems

THE aim of the Social Service lessons for the coming year is to apply psychology to the problems with which every mature person is faced in an ever changing world today. If we are to conduct ourselves wisely in meeting the rapidly changing daily scene, we need most of all to understand ourselves and each other. The world is a troubled one today, not because we lack control over the forces of nature, but because we do not fully understand ourselves and each other. The course for the coming year is designed to broaden our understanding of human nature and thereby to contribute to happy living.

The following lesson titles indicate the scope of the subject matter to be presented:

1. How Does Propaganda Affect Me?
2. Psychology of Fads, Crazes, and Fashions.
3. How Shall I Conduct Myself in an Age of Automobiles?
4. Psychology of Resisting Sales Pressure.
5. How to Sell the Gospel.
6. Psychology of Personal Efficiency.
7. Superstition or Reason—Which Shall I Follow?
8. Psychology of Happy Living.

No Social Service lesson or lesson in Family Relationships is planned for December.

Mission Lessons

L. D. S. Church History

(To be used on Literary day)

THIS is a course in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It does not aim to include the teachings or doctrines of the Church, except incidentally, as they are associated with the historical events.

Before an idea can properly be understood, something must be known of the conditions under which it was received, something about the person or persons to whom it was given, and something about the way it was developed and applied in human life. It is the purpose of the present course to give these preliminary matters. Most of this material is in the form of narrative, incident, story, and is for this reason exceedingly interesting and understandable.

In association with this history are some poems and songs composed under the spirit of the Restored Gospel. It is hoped that these will add to both the information and the enjoyment of those who take this course. The poems may be memorized, discussed in the class, and the songs sung, as the teacher may see fit. In every case, however, they grew out of the situation treated in the lesson in which they appear.

There can be no question as to the importance of such a course. The revelations given to the Prophet Joseph Smith were intended for those who live in this Dispensation, just as the Bible was intended for the Christian and the pre-Christian Dispensation and the *Book of Mormon* for the peoples who lived on the American continents anciently. Joseph Smith is pre-eminently our prophet, and he is so in exactly the same sense that Isaiah was an Hebraic prophet, Alma the Elder a prophet to the Nephites, and Mahonri the prophet of the Jaredites.

Since this is so, it should follow that nothing can be of greater importance to our generation than to know how God has manifested himself to us in this age of the world. As God adapted his revelations to the Hebrews and to the peoples of the *Book of Mormon*, so he has adapted his revelations to us. And the following lessons are the history of how that was done:

1. The First Vision.
2. Cumorah and the Golden Book.
3. The Ancient Plates.
4. Our *Book of Mormon*.
5. Witnesses.
6. Organization of the Church.
7. Early Growth of the Church.
8. The Church Moves West.
9. Events in Missouri.

Education for Family Life

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

IN harmony with the wishes of members of the classes in Education for Family Life as expressed by stake presidents at our recent April

Conference, we shall continue our lessons in Family Relationships during the year 1939-40.

The theme for the basis of our discussions shall be "My Home is My Refuge". It shall be our aim to make the lessons as practical, as stimulating, and as interesting as possible. In planning the lessons we shall keep in mind particularly the needs of our young parents, those who have more recently assumed the responsibilities of founding a home and of rearing a family.

In our discussions we shall consider the family as "a unity of interacting personalities," thus emphasizing the great importance and the high value of the human relationship factor in family life.

The following are the lesson titles:

1. The Importance of Unimportant Things.
2. My Responsibility to My Home Partner.
3. The Family Pocketbook.
4. My Parents Do Not Know Me.
5. The Place of the Father in the Home.
6. Family Strength in Proportion to Family Unity.
7. The Family Council Plan.
8. My Home Is My Refuge.

MY GOAL

By Flo Seegmiller Hall

If there's a thing I long for
In this old hectic life,
It is to keep my soul at peace
Through all the toil and strife.

I want the most a happy home
Where everyone is glad,
Where corn is popped and taffy pulled
Whether times be good or bad.

I want to grow old gracefully,
To keep alert and gay;
To keep the faith and know my God,
And not forget to pray.

But most of all I want my walls
A perfect haven of rest
For him who works so hard to earn
The things with which we're blest.

I want his steps to quicken
When he starts home at night,
His thoughts to be of loved ones,
A hearth that's warm and bright.

I want my home to be a place
Where sacrifice is known,
For it's by aches and tears and pain
That we become full grown.

I LIKE YOUR FACE

By Marguerite Burnhope Harris

"You're nice, my Mother," said my five-year-old;
Then watching more intently, "It's your face."
Ah, blessed am I that words so sweet should grace
My morn and turn a weary day to gold.
So now I pray that as the years unfold,
And I go onward in life's constant race,
That I shall weave their days like perfect lace
And merit sometime those same words, retold.

If blessings from the Heavens grant me life
When birthdays five times five my babe has had,
I shall be thankful, and my heart be glad,
And joy within will recompense the strife
If she can look at me and truly say,
"I like your face; you are so nice today."

Did Nauvoo Have A Spirit?

(*Continued from page 371*)

of at least twenty thousand people presented the glorious sight of being protected by the counsel of God, and watched over by the trustworthiness of bishops and deacons."

By May of that year the capstone of the Temple was laid. When one considers that this was just eleven months after the Martyrdom, and at that time the Temple was only one story high, a clearer insight into the intense activity that pervaded the little town is gained. Evidently nothing could break apart this united people, but persecutions continued. By September of that year mobbings began in earnest and things became so intolerable that the Saints agreed to leave in the spring. The sacrifices necessary for them to make were tragic, but did they sit down and ponder upon it? No, greater activity ensued! There were wagons to build or repair, warm clothing to be made ready, food supplies to gather, etc. What a busy scene the little town presented!

But spring was too long to wait for the self-appointed persecutors of the Mormons, and on a cold night in February the Saints were driven from their homes. Nine babies were born that night in the midst of ice and sleet! Yes, driven from the little city they had created and built with their own hands; and with them was driven out the Spirit of Cooperation that had given Nauvoo life and energy, and it remained behind lifeless!

Like a canopy that spirit spread over the people; they believed in their new leader, they obeyed his word, they followed him to the

Mountains! Oh there were a few who saw greener fields and strayed along the way, or turned back, but for the most part the main body of the Church was loyal.

I HAVE led hundreds back to Nauvoo, and always I have felt that we were gazing upon the bier of the departed. Departed loved ones, to be sure, for there, among other noble ones, lie buried the first Presiding Bishop of the Church, Edward Partridge, of whom God said, he was like Nathanael of old—a man without guile; and the first Presiding Patriarch of the Church and his wife, "Mother Smith," and their martyred sons, Joseph and Hyrum!

On such sober occasions one's mind becomes reflective. We have evidence that the Prophet knew the Saints would be driven to the Rocky Mountains. Knowing this, and with the tragic experience of having lost their homes in the past, and in view of the immediate need for shelter, one wonders that time would be taken to lay out a city. The streets are well defined and many named for the Church leaders. Why should the people build so well homes of such beautiful design, and why should the spot for the rearing of the Temple be chosen with such care? Standing on the site, which is located on the crest of the little city, facing the city, one can see the bends of the river, for it is exactly one mile distant in three directions to the noble Father of Waters. Why all this care and effort? Could it be that the Prophet wanted the lifeless Nauvoo to stand as a monument to the accomplishments of the Spirit of Cooperation?

(*Continued on next page*)

1839—
Nauvoo
—1939

ONE HUNDRED years ago a band of Latter-day Saints, under the guiding genius of Brigham Young, moved out of Missouri.

Shortly thereafter, in a swampy wilderness, they started work on their new home which was destined to become one of the most historic spots in the mid-west as well as all America. They called it Nauvoo, which in Hebrew means, "The Beautiful Place."

On your way to Nauvoo ride the Exposition Flyer, new through train service to the East this summer.

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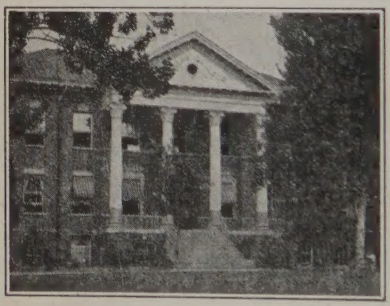

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THROUGH this Spirit of Cooperation the great Inland Empire was founded, in spite of hardship and persecution from within and without. But as time went on, persecutions from without ceased; competition became more keen, selfishness crept in and the spirit of brotherhood waned, but never at any time did it die.

The time has now come when the Spirit of Cooperation among the people is again evident. Our present-day Prophet, Heber J. Grant, has given the word, and a renewed spirit has taken hold of us. The interest of the whole must be put above the interest of the individual.

Oh, yes, once again we find a few complainers, those who feel that "part of a tithe is sufficient" and those who say "the Church shouldn't get into business" and so on and so forth, but the main body of the Church is being thrilled with this Spirit of Cooperation that is abroad once more. And it will spead until it passes beyond the Mountains and will return once more to the western shore of the Mississippi! Will it stop there? No, it will cross, and the SPIRIT OF NAUVOO will return! In the opinion of this writer, once again the tools of the worker will cheerfully sing; homes of our leaders will be rebuilt; and it is not even improbable that the Temple may rise from the dust, and the Saints stand by the grave of the Prophet and sing:

"The Seer, the Seer, Joseph the Seer!

* * * * * * *

He loved the Saints, he loved Nauvoo."

What a glorious time! I hope, Gentle Reader, that you and I might live to see that day, don't you?

Relief Society Literary Course Books

1939 AND 1940

BASIC TEXT:

The Story of the World's Literature ..... **John Macey**
Special Relief Society Price **75c**

OTHER BOOKS:

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc ..... **Mark Twain**
Special Relief Society Price **$1.75**

Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse ..... **Vincente Blasco Ibanez**
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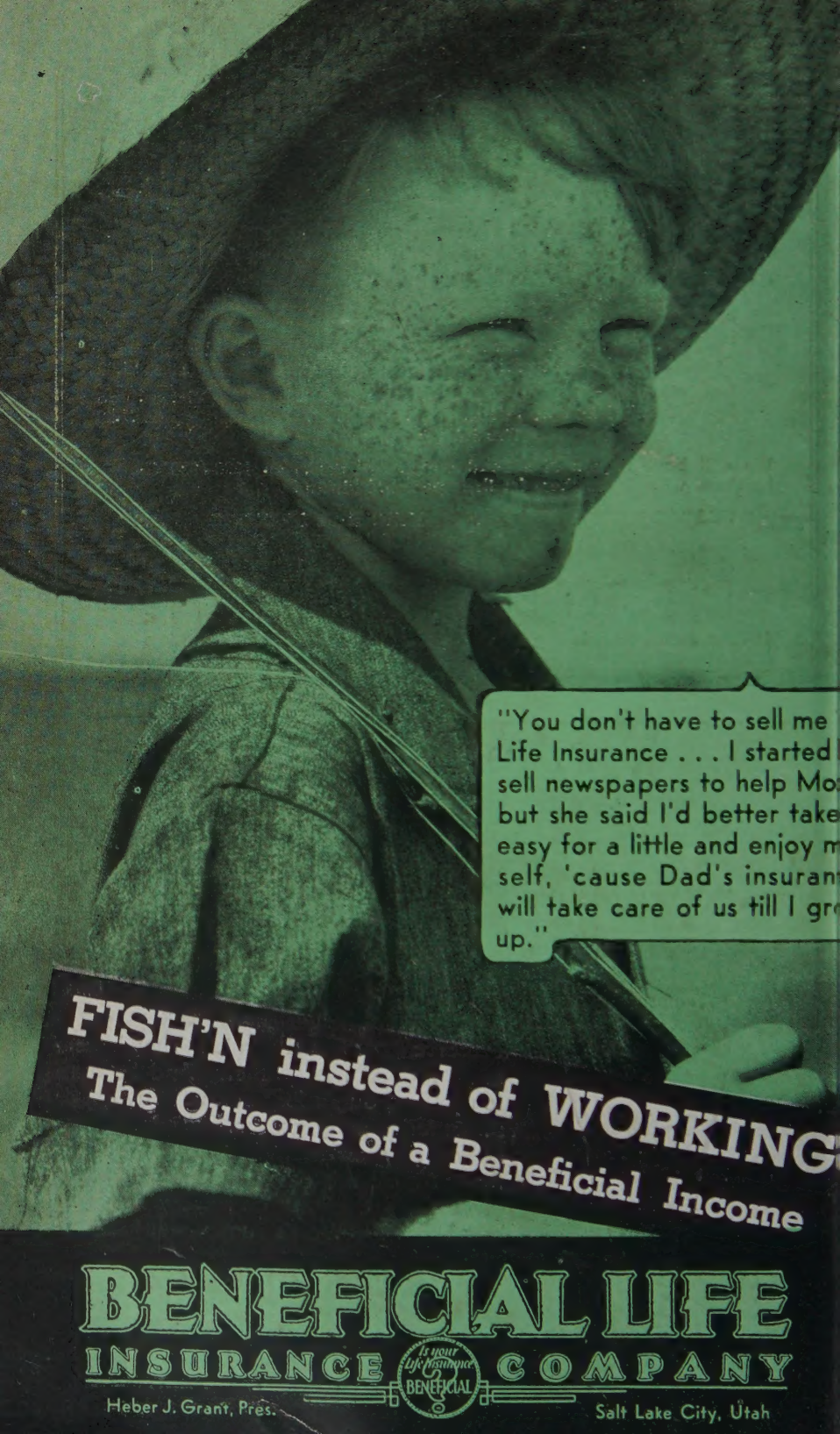
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but she said I'd better take
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Heber J. Grant, Pres.

Salt Lake City, Utah